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The Nation
FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1925 No. 3128

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 675
EDITORIALS:
China Rising 678
Peace or "Prosperity"? 679
Forty Acres of Insects 679
Saint Thérèse of Lisieux 630
CHINA'S ANTI-CHRISTIAN DRIVE. By Stanley High 681
EMERGING MEXICO:
II. Education. By Ernest Gruening 683
THE A B C OF RELATIVITY:
III. The Eel and the Measuring Rod. By Bertrand Russell 685
DEAD NOW. By Genevieve Taggard 687
THE PUBLIC MAN AND THE NEWSPAPERS. By Bulkley Southworth Griffin 689
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 690
CORRESPONDENCE 691
BOOKS, ART, PLAYS:
Poems. By Witter Bynner 693
Mutual Admirers. By Worthington C. Ford 693
The Style of Howells. By Llewelyn Powys 694
A Dim Diabolist. By Joseph Wood Krutch 694
A Poet Lapses. By Irwin Edman 695
Ultra-Modernism on Trial. By Daniel Gregory Mason 695
Leon Trotzky. By Ernestine Evans 696
A Model Military Biography. By Oswald Garrison Villard 696
Books in Brief 697
Art: The Architectural Exhibit. By Talbot Faulkner Hamlin 698
Drama: Ulysses. By Joseph Wood Krutch 699
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Free Speech in Poland 700
Trotzky on Eastman's Book 701

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Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

AT THIS WRITING there is still doubt as to the exact terms of the British and French security proposal because of the misleading French propaganda which continues to be put forth. It appears, however, that France has made concessions and that a definite future for the balance of power in Europe has been outlined. The note to Germany apparently proposes an agreement among Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Germany making permanent the present western boundaries—that is, Germany forever renounces Alsace-Lorraine. France, on the other hand, agrees not to insist upon the present eastern frontiers and apparently abandons any further dream of permanent possession of the left bank of the Rhine. England, abandoning her previous foreign policy, guarantees to protect both France and Germany from aggression—the latter fact seems still obscure in France—and the question of who is the aggressor in the event of another conflict will be determined by the Permanent Court or by the League of Nations. French diplomacy has not, however, surrendered at all points. At least reports state that the pact is based upon the inviolability of the Rhine frontiers as delimited by the Treaty of Versailles.

AS FOR THE DISARMAMENT NOTE which the Allies were five months in concocting prior to its delivery, we must still hold to the view voiced by Ambassador Houghton that Germany is in no position to make war upon any other nation. No one denies that violations have occurred, but those violations are so trivial as in nowise to warrant the retention of Cologne. Berlin, of course, is profoundly indignant and with much justice. The Germans cannot be blamed if they resent the Allied demands for the destruction of machinery in the Krupp and other factories worth approximately $25,000,000 and attribute this to another Allied drive to cripple Germany economically and make impossible her execution of the Dawes Agreement. In January it was impossible to dispatch a joint note because of the wide divergence of opinion between Paris and London. During the months of diplomatic bargaining the less liberal elements have got the upper hand and exploited the fears of both nations. France wants a militarily crippled Germany; Great Britain hardly wants an economically crippled Germany, yet she looks with anxious eye at her own idle factories while large contracts even from British firms are going to Germany. The Treaty of Versailles is too excellent an instrument of exploitation, and nations would hardly be nations if they ignored its opportunities. The Germans will be justified if they refuse to agree to certain of the demands made upon them. They will also be well within their rights if they consider both the proposed security treaty and the disarmament note at the same time and make their reply to one dependent upon their answer to the other.

WHATEVER men decree about freedom of speech in laws and constitutions, they have substantially as much or as little of it at any time as the great majority of them want. There is no subject more difficult to regulate exactly by statute; none in regard to which statutes can be more easily twisted by administrators or courts to conform to the ruling ideas of the day. Under the old American conception of freedom of speech, we think the Supreme Court would not have upheld, as it has, the "criminal anarchy" law of New York, and the conviction under it of Benjamin Gitlow. But during the war popular ideas in regard to freedom of speech were revised downward, and they have grown only slightly more liberal since. Hence we are not surprised that a majority of the Supreme Court voted to support the New York law and dusted off some old words by Justice Story as an argument. On the other hand, Justices Holmes and Brandeis, in a dissenting opinion, voice the older American doctrine when they say:

> It is said that this manifesto [the declaration of the Left Wing Socialists in 1919] was more than a theory, that it was an incitement. Every idea is an incitement. It offers itself for belief and if believed it is acted on unless some other belief outweighs it or some failure of energy stifles the movement at its birth. The only difference between the expression of an opinion and an incitement in the narrower sense is the speaker's enthusiasm for the result.

By its decision the Supreme Court has presumably legalized all, or nearly all, of the "anti-sedition" and "anti-syndicalist" laws which a majority of our States passed in the "red" scare just after the armistice; but it has not made them either just or wise.

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NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER'S declaration to those receiving degrees from Columbia University that the world into which they were going was rotten with intellectual cowardice and ridden by the instinct of the herd can scarcely be gainsaid. Ideas are as rare today as they have always been, and they are not to be found in the herd. It is a little disappointing, however, to find the president of so eminent an institution as Columbia taking for his cardinal example the agitation against evolution in Tennessee. There is something obvious about that, something rather safe and easy. There was the question during the war, for instance, whether a professor might object to the compulsory draft law; and Mr. Butler's record is not so excellent there. Nor can he hope at this date in his career to convince the most enlightened Americans that he works in their interests with anything other than platitudes. His commencement address, handsome as it sounded in the newspapers which printed it, was the utterance not of a man who walks in the intellectual vanguard but of one who scours hill-districts in the rear. How long can the largest university in the country remain one of the best?

"WOMEN PACIFISTS BARRED at Church Door While Officer Within Asks Preparedness"—thus a headline. Eminently fitting, say we. With several notable exceptions the churches are still largely the stronghold of Mars. So we think the pastor of this particular church in Nyack, New York, was quite right in keeping out of the building women who believe that the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" applies to nations as well as to individuals. Inside the church a war-time major general was exhorting the congregation to send its sons to training camps in order to learn how to kill and disembowel human beings in the most approved fashion. Naturally the pastor told the women that his church was "not a fit place in which to start an argument about peace and war." How could it be? We can think of no other incident so illustrative unless it is the one of the usher who ejected a colored lady when she interrupted the service in a white church by her sudden shrieks and calls; she explained that she had "done got religion." "This," said the righteously indignant usher, "is no place in which to get religion."

ONE OF THE EXCEPTIONS worth noting in regard to the attitude of the churches toward war took place at the recent synod of the Pacific Province of the Episcopal church at Berkeley, California. Two churchmen pleaded the cause of just and peaceable human relations; and the Episcopal Women's Auxiliary, meeting at the same time, adopted resolutions against all war as a violation of the teachings of Jesus. Bishop Stevens of Los Angeles accused his fellow-clergy of intolerance and indifference toward other races, particularly the Negroes and Japanese, and pointed out the hypocrisy of sending missionaries into the Orient and then refusing fellowship and equal rights to the Oriental—including the Christian Oriental—in America. Another clergyman, the Reverend H. S. Brewster of Modesto, assailed war, preparedness, and the interests behind them, as well as the whole policy of protecting American capital in foreign markets. His words are said to have "caused a stir." These two addresses, delivered by men who work and preach in the heart of one of our centers of darkest reaction, should cause a stir wherever they are repeated.

ATHLETICS HAVE BEEN ABOLISHED at the University of Dubuque. Although not one of the most important of our colleges, the change is a pleasant sign that the institution is sufficiently independent of donors and alumni to feel free to take this step and to state the reasons. The head of the institution is evidently ready to risk being regarded as an old fossil. He objects to the fact that coaches and athletic directors are paid three or four times the salary of the heads of other college departments and, referring to the competition of various colleges in offering scholarships to athletes, he says: "I have come to the conclusion as head of the University of Dubuque that either I must step out of intercollegiate competition or I must sacrifice my moral principles." He finds that things are at such a pass that when approached by scouts, the high-school athlete asks, "How much do I get?" instead of "How does the school rank as an educational institution?" What makes Dr. Wettstone's action more interesting is the fact that he was a successful undergraduate athlete himself. We believe that the step will help and not hurt the university, for we have felt for some time that that college which would frankly advertise that it was without a million-dollar stadium, a winning football team, or a good baseball diamond, and had no paid coaches would make a hit. Reed College in Oregon profits, we believe, by its abolition of all competitive games with other institutions. But our universities are as slow to grapple with the evils of athletics as are the churches with militarism. Having sunk millions in great cement and stone edifices for athletics, they feel that the alumni would refuse to permit the giving up of extra-mural competitions.

OCCASIONALLY we have to "hand it," as the slang goes, to Calvin Coolidge. Thus, when we read that he has declined no less than twenty proffered honorary college degrees, we are inclined to chalk him higher in our scale than before; even his lambasting of our naval demagogues shrinks by comparison. From the college point of view we are not so sure, however. Is it not a bit rough to prevent them from publicly climbing on the Coolidge band-wagon? Has the President not declared that a prime reason for continuing present social and economic conditions in America is to enable some people to build up large fortunes in order that our colleges may be endowed out of the surplus wealth? That surely is worth not twenty but at least a hundred honorary LL.D.'s, and we think the President a bit hard hearted in not letting our college presidents vie with one another in adding letters to his name. Well, we can only console ourselves with the thought that some future historian will be able to present to the public a list of all the degrees Calvin Coolidge might have had, doubtless proving thereby that he was a greater scholar than Roosevelt and Wilson combined.

H. E. BYRAM, the former president of the St. Paul Railway, has once more cited the competition of the Panama Canal as one of the vital reasons for the collapse of his railroad. Just how fearful that competition was appears from the fact that the total merchandise traffic of the Panama Canal in 1924 amounted to only 5,217,636 tons as compared with the 627,754,000 tons carried by the class-one railroads of the Western division in that year. That is, if the Panama Canal had been closed, 1 per cent would have been added to the total tonnage of those roads. Mr. Byram has firmer ground to stand on when he refers

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to economic conditions. The St. Paul lost $1,886,605.94 in operating its road in 1924 and the receivers have just reported that the passenger revenues for April and March of this year show the heavy loss of $400,000 a month. The New York Central, too, has a bad report. It carried 27,244,344 fewer tons of freight in 1924 and 1,480,709 fewer passengers than in 1923—another evidence of Mr. Coolidge's prosperity. It is only fair to add that the heavy loss in freight traffic is chiefly attributed by Mr. Byram to unsettled conditions in the coal mines served by the road. The falling off in passenger traffic, he finds, is "due in a large measure to automobile and bus competition."

THIS QUESTION of motor-bus competition with railroads has at last so stirred the latter that a New York newspaper announces that officials and employees of various lines are "contemplating a campaign" to fight the rival means of transit. Contemplation of a campaign is a delightful thing, but as a fact both the contemplation and the campaign are just about ten years too late. The railroads are at last going to consider running motor trains of two or three cars in place of expensive steam locomotives. In other words, the railroads are locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen, precisely as was the case in the development of the trolley roads. For example, the New Haven Railroad was wrecked in part because, having suddenly awakened to the danger of trolley competition, it bought up all the electric roads in sight at scandalous prices. To give a concrete example of the present situation, the New Haven Railroad has just begun the use of a gasoline combination engine, baggage, and passenger car on its Bridgeport-Winsted branch in Connecticut, along which motor buses are getting the cream of the local traffic. Had this road had initiative and enterprise, it would have put on not two or three such cars but a regular half-hourly service of gasoline motor coaches and so kept and increased its business. Yet the American people continues to accept those old yarns about the enterprise, initiative, and daring of our privately-owned and managed railroads, believing that such characteristics could not possibly be equalled under government ownership.

THE HOUSE OF MORGAN is regarded as an astute banking firm and presumably it knows what it is about in furnishing Italy with a $50,000,000 credit to check fluctuations in the foreign-exchange value of the lira. To the outside observer the object is less obvious. When a year ago last March the French franc had dropped here to as little as 3.42 cents—and seemed likely to collapse entirely—the Morgan loan of $100,000,000 reestablished it so that in April it sold as high as 6.85 cents. But it soon fell again and at this writing is below five cents. The lira was not in need of first-aid treatment when the Morgan credit was announced. It was selling, it is true, for slightly under four cents, but it has been much lower and all last year ranged only just above four cents. The immediate effect of the credit was to raise the lira's value to a little more than five cents, but it has since fallen even below the point at which it stood just before the loan was announced. Wall Street sees in the credit the intention of Italy to devalue the lira and try to hold it at a fixed gold ratio. Caillaux is talking about doing likewise with the franc, valuing it probably at five cents. Considering that this would be formal announcement by France that it was repudiating its debts to the extent of 75 per cent, the plan is discussed with an odd lack of passion by our financiers—these same men having denounced Russia as a moral leper for taking similar action. But why try to put the lira or the franc on a gold basis? To what end? The only cure for a fluctuating exchange is a balanced budget and a solvent treasury. When Italy and France achieve those things the exchange will take care of itself. Without them, no country and no bankers can afford the losses necessary to make the world believe that a currency is worth more than it is.

LU GIM GONG is dead in comparative poverty. Another one of the "Chinks" who are such a "menace" to the welfare of the American people has gone. This particular "menace" lived in Deland, Florida—where he lowered wages, debased our standard of living, worshiped his heathen gods, and refused to be absorbed into our Occidental civilization? No, as it happens, he was a devout Baptist and built himself a private chapel to which he usually took his callers to worship. This chapel was in the Florida orange grove which Lu Gim Gong had inherited from two Massachusetts sisters who more than half a century ago adopted him. And there in that grove he for years experimented in the growing of citrus fruits through which others made millions of dollars—for this "wily Chinese" was no one to keep his secrets to himself. The press dispatches report that he developed two of the best varieties of grape fruit and oranges, that he perfected the perfumed grape fruit, the cherry currant, the early sweet apple of Massachusetts, a peach which grows under glass, and still other varieties of fruit. It is also added that he received a gold medal from the government for his services and that he spent so much on his experiments that it was necessary for friends to pay a mortgage for him that he might continue. It's a pretty story, but it must, of course, be another newspaper fiction.

CITIES HAVE BEEN DUG from sand, lava, cinders, dirt, and masonry; and now there are prospects that one will be found asleep at the bottom of the sea. Off the island of Djirba, which lies just out from Tunis, excavators in diving-suits have been exploring the Mediterranean floor for traces of a town long believed to be there—engulfed by the waters no one knows exactly when. Additional interest attaches to the exploration by reason of the fact that the city lies in waters described by Virgil and near the Isle of the Lotus-eaters of which Homer sang. The discovery of a few incrusted vases with six handles, or of small pedestals for statues, might mean nothing more than that these objects were sunk with a Punic ship sometime during, say, the fourth century B. C. But according to a recent report the most experienced diver of the expedition insists that he has seen and felt a fragment of a city wall standing at least six feet above the mud—and this would mean something. Doubtless there is an archaeologist somewhere whose passion for resurrecting buried brick and stone will inspire in him a wish that the Mediterranean might be drained so that the work may properly proceed; just as there must be those who would dry up the Atlantic if they could for the sake of evidence upon Atlantis. It has been conjectured that the capital city of Atlantis was the model for Carthage; and perhaps Carthage was the model for this new-sought Punic town. Whatever the facts, the search goes on—in sea and sand—for remembrances of other men and other times.

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China Rising

THE "outbreak" in China has been handled by the Powers in the most shameless Western manner. Shanghai Chinese struck against what they considered inhuman conditions in Japanese-owned factories, 150,000 persons going out either directly or out of sympathy. Did the Powers offer their aid, do their best, to bring about an amelioration of the hardships? No. They resorted to force and violence to put down the strikers' demonstrations; they killed six students among others and wounded many more—in order to uphold the prestige of the foreigner. They more than ever took charge of this Chinese city, telling the natives where and how they might go; they rushed warships, marines, and soldiers to the "front."

This is all according to the style of Western diplomacy. But the Powers have gone a step further; they have blamed the incident entirely upon the Bolsheviki, as in 1914-18 they were blaming every untoward happening upon German intriguers. Our State Department has jumped at the chance to attack the Bolsheviki again, and so has dropped its usual attitude of attributing all evil in China to Japanese propaganda. The Associated Press dispatch from Washington on June 4 was a masterpiece of poison propaganda, with the officials responsible for it hidden behind their usual mask of anonymity.

> Reports of Bolshevist support for the Shanghai disturbers have caused no surprise in Washington. The influence the Russian Soviet representatives have gained in China since the signing of the treaty between Peking and Moscow has caused growing concern here, and Soviet propaganda has been employed in many parts of the country to discredit and embarrass the Western Powers in their dealings with the difficult situation that exists there because of the lack of a strong central government.

Now, so vast is China, and so much broken into small units wholly beyond the influence of any outside country, that no nation is capable of influencing any portion of it save in the immediate neighborhood of a city like Shanghai or Changsha or Peking or Tientsin. It is privately admitted by high authority that even if Peking were again occupied by foreign troops, as in 1900, it would be doubtful if that occupation would be influential thirty miles from the capital.

There lies the great Chinese paradox: China's weakness is her strength. The total disintegration of central authority is her best protection from Western aggression. Given a compactly organized country, with strong national authority resident in one capital, and it would be easy to get control of the entire country by seizing its national headquarters and compelling the governmental machinery to continue to work. That can no longer be done in China. Orders and instructions could, it is true, be dispatched to local commanders, but they would meet with scant respect—that every diplomat who has resided in China of late knows. The Western Powers are fighting a losing game because they are facing an unconquerable non-resistance—not a conscious non-resistance like that of Gandhi in India and of the Germans in the Ruhr after the French invasion, but the non-resistance of huge masses of people who have no intention of obeying the "foreign devil's" wishes and cannot be compelled to by their own countrymen because there is no means to make them. They will be polite; their local officials will palaver, argue, apologize—and then do the same thing over again. So the Allied Powers are beaten already; they cannot win. They may denounce the Bolsheviki as much as they please, but if there were no Bolsheviki in the world the situation in China would be the same. That there is Soviet propaganda in that country is true, but it can be spread among the masses of illiterate Chinese only as the gospel of the Powers is transmitted—by extremely precarious and difficult means.

The plight of the Powers is ludicrous, their assumed superiority is enforceable only as far as the range of their cannon. The Chinese, especially those who have been educated in America or in Europe, have seen through our Occidental humbugs. They know that our religion has no finer ethical basis than their own and the World War has taught them how little we ourselves respect the Christianity we profess. Some of the World War chickens have now come home to roost. By fraud and deceit the Allies compelled China to enter the war against Germany—in which, after the driving out of the Germans, she had no interest whatever. But the denunciations of Germany and the sliminess of the Allied methods used to combat her, as well as the fact that these supermen were slaughtering one another, destroyed Chinese belief in the all-conquering infallibility of the foreigner. So did the multitudinous human wrecks washed upon the Chinese coasts by the World War tidal waves. The Germans, whom the Chinese were taught by the Allies to regard as devils and fiends, were the very people particularly outraged in 1900 by the killing of their Ambassador—for which the Allies compelled retribution, including the erection of a memorial arch. Finally the Allies and the United States forced China to violate all her treaty obligations to Germany. Is it any wonder that the Chinese are asking why, if they could violate the German treaties, they should not now violate others?

The State Department and the foreign offices are, we admit, in a trying position with regard to their nationals. They are urged to do something and do it quickly, or foreigners' lives will not be safe and all the money invested in China by Americans and Europeans will be lost. The international bankers are bewailing the obtuseness of the Chinese in declining Western inventions and in refusing to pay interest on Six-Power and other loans; they are demanding that Washington act by means of troops, a naval blockade or demonstration, or the summary execution of somebody or other—some general or president, when there are hundreds ready to take the place of him whose head may be cut off.

We presume they do not yet realize how far force is played out in this world or they would not be rushing more gunboats to the Yangtse River to uphold the doctrines of the non-resistant Jesus. For ourselves we are happy that this issue is to be forced, that China is beginning to drive out the foreigners who have so long imposed their ways upon her. We are entirely in sympathy with the protest against the landing of marines at Shanghai and Tsingtao made by the British Trade Unions—who are demanding the withdrawal of troops—and by Lung-chi Lo, the new head of the Chinese students' alliance in America. We do not see how his statement of the situation could be bettered:

> Had the Powers been true to the spirit and letter of

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the Washington Conference, and respected China's political and territorial integrity, the trouble with the students at Shanghai would not have occurred.

Red influence is bound to increase in China if Europe, America, and Japan persist in their present effort of silencing all dissenting voices by force.

It is only by pursuing a liberal policy and allowing all non-political questions to be solved through non-political channels that "red" and anti-foreign sentiment can be decreased. We do not believe that soldiers and sailors can solve an inherently unjust and economically wasteful problem, namely, that of inhuman working conditions in the cotton mills.

Peace or "Prosperity"?

MR. COOLIDGE'S address to the graduating class at Annapolis is welcomed by many as an important declaration of peace. We do not wish to detract from any influence it may have in that direction. We think Mr. Coolidge is wholly sincere in a desire for no more war, and his speech at Annapolis, coupled with his announced desire to reduce the army appropriations, is not merely lip service in the cause. The trouble is that, although genuinely eager for national peace, Mr. Coolidge understands too meagerly the economic and political conditions upon which it must rest to be a great influence in advancing it. We find thoroughly admirable, for instance, the statement:

> I am not unfamiliar with the claim that if only we had a sufficient military establishment no one would ever molest us. I know of no nation in history that has ever been able to attain that position. I see no reason to expect that we could be the exception.

But when in the same address Mr. Coolidge says that "the true spirit of American institutions requires that each citizen should be potentially a soldier," we wonder if Mr. Coolidge isn't one of those who love peace so much that they are willing "to fight for it." We suspect that his philosophy of peace is nourished on the same sort of sentimentalism that thrust America into the World War.

We used just now the phrase "national peace." Advisedly. Mr. Coolidge is undoubtedly devoted to national peace. We question, though, if he has got as far as international peace—if he understands on what it is conditioned or would be willing to pay the price. Probably his idea of peace, like that of many other honest but uncomprehending Americans, is a world free of war in which the United States, nevertheless, has a dominant and superior place. It is a world in which American "prosperity" is still maintained with all that that means of exploitation of one class by another, of one nation by another, of one race by another, of one school of thought by another. We fear that between peace and "prosperity" (his kind) Mr. Coolidge will practically always choose the latter. We doubt if he cares enough for—or knows enough about—international peace through liberty, equality, and fraternity to set himself against, say, our financial imperialism in Latin America or our industrial feudalism here at home. Perhaps the fact that our business-controlled press is generally so laudatory of Mr. Coolidge's address at Annapolis is sufficient proof that it contains nothing alarming in the direction of international peace.

From the practical standpoint the best thing Mr. Coolidge said was his condemnation of those in the Navy itself who are trying to set Japan and America at war:

> The officers of the navy are given the fullest latitude in expressing their views before their fellow citizens, subject, of course, to the requirements of not betraying those confidential affairs which would be detrimental to the service. It seems to me perfectly proper for any one upon any suitable occasion to advocate the maintenance of a navy in keeping with the greatness and dignity of our country.
>
> But as one who is responsible not only for our national defense but likewise our friendly relations with other peoples and our title to the good opinion of the world, I feel that the occasion will very seldom arise, and I know it does not now exist, when those connected with our navy are justified, either directly or by inference, in asserting that other specified Powers are arming against us, and, by arousing national suspicion and hatred, attempting to cause us to arm against them.
>
> The suggestion that any other people are harboring a hostile intent toward us is a very serious charge to make. We would not relish having our honorable motives and peaceful intentions questioned; others cannot relish having any of us question theirs.
>
> We should not forget that in the world over the general attitude and one of the strongest attributes of all peoples is a desire to do right.

This is straight talk. The President does not mention Japan in so many words, nor name personally those talky-talkers like the retired rear admirals Fiske and Rodgers; but there is no doubt about his meaning. Retired rear admirals have been a nuisance and a danger in America for some years. By trading on past performances and their navy connection, they have obtained a hearing for views that would not be taken seriously as coming from someone else. Sensible Americans may know that the shells these ancient mariners toss into the air are duds, but seen from across the Pacific they are as dangerous as any others.

Mr. Coolidge's speech at Annapolis may not be an important milestone toward international peace, but if it stops some pestilential naval oratory it will at least lessen immediate danger of conflict.

Forty Acres of Insects

FORTY acres of the Palisades Interstate Park will be utilized this summer as an insect laboratory and zoo. The children who migrate from the city into the park will find each day new oak-galls and walking-sticks and fat green caterpillars tagged and labeled for them; and may bring their own finds to sympathetic students who will tell them what they have discovered. And somewhere in the background scientists will lie all day watching insects and patiently working out their life-histories, as Jean Henri Fabre once did in his tiny garden at Sérignan.

Forty acres is a big insect laboratory. Fabre had far less in that pink-walled garden in which he passed his forty years of studies and discoveries.

> A bit of land [he said it was] not so very large, but fenced in to avoid the drawbacks of a public way; an abandoned, barren, sun-scorched bit of land, favored by thistles, and by wasps and bees. Here, without distant expeditions that take up my time, without tiring rambles that strain my nerves, I could contrive my plans of attack, lay my ambushes, and watch their effects at every hour of the day.

A learned entomologist of Bordeaux, to whom Fabre sent his prizes for naming, once asked him if he had any special means of hunting, because he sent so many rare and

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even unknown species. Fabre had only his thistle-bed and his eyes; the unknown species came to him in his garden. Nor was his fortune solely due to the sunny climate of southern France; one of the entomologists of the American Museum in New York City has counted 836 species in his own little suburban backyard.

Fabre disdained the spectacular butterfly, applying himself by preference to the modest fly or beetle; and so may the scientists who will hide from the boy-crowds in the remoter parts of the forty acres of the insect zoo. But the children will have no such scientific vanity. They will enjoy it if the insect-keepers can contrive for them a battle of the ants; they will be delighted to watch dragon-flies eat mosquito "wrigglers" and lady-bugs eat plant-lice; they will watch whirligigs spin and water-striders skip with fascination; they will go back to camp determined to hunt caddis-flies for the camp aquaria and to start bee-hives of their own; but their chief delight will be, as it must have been the delight of every outdoor generation since primitive man first noticed his surroundings, to watch the caterpillar spin its silken cocoon and the moist butterfly edge its way out of its worm-shell. That is a perennial miracle more rapid and so, to our hasty minds, incomparably more dramatic than the transformation of a tiny black seed into a spreading bush.

Why we have always so neglected the insects is a puzzle. We think ourselves the dominant life on "our" planet; but there are vastly more insects than men on it, and they are vastly more adaptable to it. They ascend into the eternal snows of Mount Everest; they penetrate the frozen North; they live in the depths of dark caves; they find ways of living even where man has rooted out the plants and driven away all mammals but the rat and mouse. William Beebe has just reported finding a marine insect in the open waste of the Sargasso Sea. We have our botanical gardens and arboretums, our zoos and aquaria with almost every visible form of life except the insects; it was high time for the American Museum and the Park Commission to get together to establish an insect zoo.

Saint Thérèse of Lisieux

ON May 17, in the presence of thousands of pilgrims and in the midst of the full illumination of St. Peter's in Rome, a new saint—Thérèse of Lisieux—was added to the Catholic calendar. There is, in any canonization, an air picturesquely medieval, but this one is doubly striking because the saint in question, baptized Marie Martin, is no dim figure of the past but an actual contemporary who was born January 2, 1873, and died of tuberculosis at the age of twenty-five, almost at the end of the nineteenth century. She has two sisters still alive, and yet the number of those who address their special prayers to her is in the tens of thousands and the miracles performed through her intervention have been solemnly authenticated by those appointed to investigate them. Even the distinguished Jesuit who, in the course of one of the processes, declared his belief that her wonders were wrought through the aid of the devil finally acknowledged their divine origin, and Thérèse, for some years regarded by her admirers as a saint, is now one by virtue of official process.

Yet in reading the story of her life as told by herself one cannot escape the feeling that, though mystical piety may be as great today as it ever was, the outward signs which are given in recognition of it grow constantly less striking and that, after all, no modern can compete with the saints of the Middle Ages in the matter of miraculous demonstrations. When, for example, Saint Francis received the stigmata—those wounds upon the palms and feet which are considered the brightest of his glories—they were visible to all the world, but when Saint Catherine of Sienna received a similar blessing the signs were, unfortunately, to be seen by no one but herself, for Saint Catherine flourished in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and even the Renaissance was too late.

For some reason which theologians had best be left to explain the most striking miraculous evidences are always accorded to ages characterized by faith so strong as to make them seem unnecessary, while they are gradually withdrawn with the growth of popular skepticism which would seem to make them particularly timely, and as a result of this fact devotees of the modern saint must be content with miracles relatively unspectacular and open to skeptical attack. Even the mystical ecstasies which she enjoyed were of a somewhat mild sort and though, it is true, there are many willing to testify that they have been cured of various diseases through her aid, similar miracles quite as well authenticated are attributed to Mrs. Eddy, M. Coué, and many others; so that anyone who was disposed to accept such evidence as conclusive would find himself embarrassingly converted to several different and mutually exclusive religions at once.

Indeed, a certain remarkable sweetness of character rather than any striking exhibitions of supernatural power seems chiefly responsible for the veneration in which Saint Thérèse is held. Born of prosperous and intensely religious parents, three other of whose children became nuns, she seems from early childhood to have exhibited a tender and extremely affectionate nature which, instead of turning as such natures usually do today toward philanthropy or social service, was diverted by mysticism into the convent. At the age of fifteen she wished to enter the Carmelite order and when, on account of her youth, she was refused admission she personally carried her appeal to the Pope. Admitted finally after many petitions, she distinguished herself by the sweetness of her character, and in this unspectacular manner in time won the affection of the outside world to which her reputation gradually spread as the result of the publication of her life and her reflections. The two most famous female saints had strongly masculine characters, for Jeanne d'Arc led an army and the earlier Saint Thérèse was not only a vigorous executive but was called by a monkish contemporary "no woman but a bearded man." Saint Thérèse of Lisieux was, on the contrary, canonized primarily because of a softness and a simplicity not only feminine but child-like.

Perhaps, after all, it would have been best to wait a while. Saints need legends, and legends take time to grow. Had the official investigation of the life of Saint Thérèse been postponed for a century or two, it would doubtless have been found full of entirely adequate wonders; but subject to scrutiny by contemporaries who, even though they be of her own faith, cannot but have something of the critical spirit of their age, it is not quite miraculous enough. It remains to be seen whether mere gentleness and humility can take upon the general mind a hold strong enough to make of her a permanently popular saint.

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China's Anti-Christian Drive

By STANLEY HIGH

NOT since the Boxer uprising of 1900 has there been such open and widespread hostility toward organized Christianity in China as at the present time. From many points of view the present anti-Christian movement constitutes a more serious challenge to the program of the Christian Church in China than did the Boxer rebellion.

The massacres of 1900 were brought about at the instigation of the governing Manchus and directed against Christians in a final, futile effort to halt China's advance from her old aloofness and isolation toward a place in the modern world. It is probable, moreover, that the final efforts of the Boxer rebellion served to strengthen rather than to weaken the position of Christianity by revealing it, unmistakably, as an agency of progress. The present anti-Christian movement is not sponsored by the advocates of reaction. It is led, in fact, by those who claim to be the most aggressive and the most modern proponents of progress. The greatest strength of the movement is found among the student classes and its leadership is provided, almost exclusively, by members of the intelligentsia, particularly by university professors. Not the purposes of political desperadoes, but the teachings of Darwin and Marx and Bertrand Russell and a long list of others provide the background out of which this movement has grown.

Instead of mob violence the method of the present attack on Christianity is that of propaganda, carried on through the government schools and even in secret through the mission schools, from the platforms and in a large number of anti-Christian magazines that, mushroom-like, have sprung up over night in all parts of the country. It is doubtful if even in Soviet Russia the literature of anti-religion has grown more rapidly during the past two years than it has in China.

The more rapid rise of anti-Christian sentiment began in 1922. In that year the Eleventh Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation met in Peking, where many distinguished respresentatives of organized Christianity addressed the student delegates from some forty nations on the significance of the Christian world program. The publicity given to this meeting aroused the hostility of the anti-religionists in Peking, and shortly after the conference adjourned announcement was made of the organization of a Student Anti-Religious Movement in the capital city. Several professors of national reputation sponsored the movement. Branch organizations were formed in various cities. Numerous publications were issued by this group, but its influence waned at the end of a year, to be revived again during the summer of 1924.

The anti-imperialistic movement, begun among students in 1924, gave new impetus to the drive against Christianity. A prominent student leader was discharged from Shanghai College and, nursing a grievance, went out to devote himself to the organization in Shanghai of the Anti-Christian Federation. Shortly thereafter a weekly publication, the *Awakened,* appeared as the journal of the movement, and quickly gained a hearing for its message in many parts of China.

At the inauguration of the Anti-Christian Federation a manifesto was issued declaring the purpose of the movement "to actively oppose Christianity and its various expressions with a nationalistic consciousness and a scientific spirit." A summary of the detailed points contained in the manifesto, points which have been adopted as the basis for the nation-wide attack on Christianity, is worth reprinting. In regard to religion in general, opposition is declared because:

1. It is conservative and traditional and it does not make for intellectual progress.
2. It encourages denominational prejudice and hatred. It does not make for the unity and harmony of the human race.
3. It develops superstition (sic) in super-human beings. It does not make for scientific enlightenment.
4. It cultivates the attitude of dependence as over against the development of self-realization.
5. It suppresses individuality. It does not develop the human instincts.

In regard to Christianity in particular, this opposition is especially pronounced because:

1. It is one form of religion.
2. It contains dogmatisms and monopolizes good teachings of the past.
3. It is the forerunner of imperialism and foreign exploitation.

Further, in regard to the Christian Church, hostility is expressed because:

1. It always allies itself with the influential class.
2. It draws people into its membership by material temptations.
3. It is largely composed of eaters on religion (sic.) as well as hypocrites.
4. It interferes with the civil and military affairs of China and other nations.
5. It sometimes meddles with personal affairs.
6. It substitutes God for gods and develops a servile attitude toward foreigners.

In addition to this attack there are statements denouncing the mission schools in particular, accusing them of despotism, following a conservative policy, and being opposed to patriotic purposes and programs.

The headquarters of the organization are located in Shanghai, although branch offices are maintained in important cities throughout the country, the strongest being in Hunan and Kwantung provinces. The general work is divided into two departments. The first department is that of the "Inspection of Christianity." Those engaged in this phase of the work—most of them students—have undertaken a nation-wide inquiry into every phase of the work of the Christian church in China with the end in view of displaying its shortcomings and thereby weakening its influence. The second department is that of publicity—which issues periodicals, conducts lecture campaigns through various cities, and, in general, publishes abroad the "evils of Christianity."

It is significant that the publication, the *Awakened,* in addition to a wide circulation among government students, is sent to all mission schools. Many of the articles which it

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contains, in fact, are written by ex-students in mission schools and reveal a genuine earnestness and considerable investigation. In the first twelve issues of the *Awakened* more articles were devoted to a criticism of mission schools than to any other subject.

One illustration will indicate the extent to which the anti-Christian agitation has influenced the younger leadership of the country. A year ago, at the summer conference of the Y. M. C. A. at Geneva, Wisconsin, a group of Christian students drew up a message of inter-racial good-will. This message, given to an Association representative, was carried to China as an expression of the good-will of American students. A few months later this representative addressed a great meeting of Chinese students in Shanghai. In the hall where the assembly met the Geneva message was conspicuously displayed on several large placards. At the conclusion of the meeting it was found that across the face of each of these placards there had been inscribed the Chinese character meaning: "hypocrisy."

That the rise of anti-Christian sentiment in China should be immediately attributed to the agitation of Russian agents was inevitable. Every development in whatever corner of the world that has gone against the Western status quo during the past seven years has been laid at the gate of the Kremlin. In this case, however, there can hardly be any doubt that "red" influence, particularly in Chinese government universities, has been a contributing factor of considerable importance. As far back as 1922, when Adolph Joffe, with a host of secretaries, went campaigning for the Soviet foreign office to Peking the Soviet ideal was widely heralded in certain university circles. Chancellor Tsai, head of the Peking government university, welcomed Joffe at a dinner and declared that the Russian Communists were outlining a program which China could well adopt. Needless to say, many of the students of the country recorded their hearty approval of the statements of Chancellor Tsai.

The Soviets—to many of the young Chinese—personify successful opposition to those Western institutions which are most hated and feared in China. Organized religion, recognized in Russia as the agency of Czaristic oppression, was said, in China, to stand between the Chinese and the development of a modern culture of their own. The fact that so important a plank in the Soviet platform involved the elimination of religion convinced these particular groups of Chinese that a similar plank, forthwith, must be constructed for the platform of the new China which they propose to build.

But it is wholly superficial to conclude that the present anti-Christian movement in China is fundamentally a result of Bolshevist propaganda. Russian influence, at the most, has only served to supply a precedent for a certain line of development which other circumstances made inevitable. There is no denying the fact that in China—as throughout the whole East—the prestige of the West went into a slump as a result of the war. While foreign prestige has declined in China the spirit of nationalism has constantly grown. This growth was reflected in the student movement of 1919 and 1920 and in the subsequent development of the Renaissance movement—the primary purpose of which is to rediscover the bases of China's ancient civilization and to reinterpret that civilization from the standpoint of modern science. That Western influence in China is the chief obstacle in the path of such a development has only served to increase the intensity of nationalistic feeling where Western institutions are concerned.

It is particularly felt that missionaries are too conservative to aid in China's progress. The books which are most reverenced in missionary circles are said to be of no interest whatever to many of the outstanding students. Henrik Ibsen, Prince Kropotkin, and Karl Marx—even more than Confucius—are at the center of the intellectual ferment among the leading young Chinese.

Moreover, as one Chinese put it, Christianity is held to be "antagonistic to science. The young Chinese are pragmatic in their attitude. They believe in science and experimentation. The existence of God is, to their way of thinking, incompatible with laboratory experience. The Holy Bible, with its numerous miracles and parables, seems to them very childish and exceedingly superstitious." This same young man—who himself is a graduate of a mission school—declared that the leaders of the movement regard missionaries "as adherents to the capitalists and the capitalistic system of society. . . . The buildings of the churches and the foreign residence houses, with their beautiful architecture, are objects of envy and hatred. They are regarded as symbolic of capitalists living upon the fruits of labor. So then the young people think that in the impending class warfare they must not only fight the capitalists but also fight those interests bound up in the capitalistic system—the Christians."

The rapid progress of non-Christian education in China has given rise to a new sense of independence. Chinese educators are convinced of their own ability—given a few years of political quiet—to work out and put into operation an adequate educational program for the country. This independence has led to a deep-seated suspicion of the purposes of foreign educationalists in China. Until the country's educational system is free of foreign influence, China, so it is maintained, cannot be free of foreign domination. This confidence in education accounts for the fact that the present anti-Christian movement is led by students and educators and directed against mission schools.

Something of the progress of the anti-Christian movement is indicated in the fact that the National Federation of Provincial Educational Associations, a very strong educational organization, in its annual meeting last fall made the statement printed below. Proposals based on this statement are now before the Board of Education at Peking:

> Many evil effects have resulted from the maintenance of education in China by foreigners. Four outstanding ones are to be noted:
>
> (a) Education is the most important function of the civil administration. Foreigners have come to China and freely established schools without having them registered or examined by the Chinese authorities. This is an interference with the educational rights of a nation.
>
> (b) Each nation has its own policy for the education of its people. The racial characteristics and national ideas of foreigners are different from those of our country. For them to control our education causes many difficulties, and it is contrary to our own educational principles.
>
> (c) The educational work done by foreigners in China looks like charity, but it is really in effect a form of colonization. Students who have received education from Japanese, British, Americans, French, or Germans will learn to love those nations and so will lose the spirit of national independence. This will injure the patriotic ideals of Chinese students.

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(d) If we investigate the content of their work we will find that most foreigners who are doing educational work in China usually have as their purpose either religious propaganda or political aggression. Education is simply a supplementary matter to them. They organize the school systems and the curricula in their own way, without any attempt to come up to the standards that have been established by the nation.

Most significant, perhaps, of all the aspects of this anti-Christian movement in China is the fact that, though there is widespread hostility toward many Christian organizations, there is very little hostility toward the person or the teachings of Jesus. Whether or not the organized expression of Christ's message which the West has sent to the East can ever be thus dissociated is perhaps doubtful. But when the history of this period of Western ascendency is written it may be recorded that its greatest achievement was not the advance of the organizations of Christianity but the restoration of the person of Christ to the Orient.

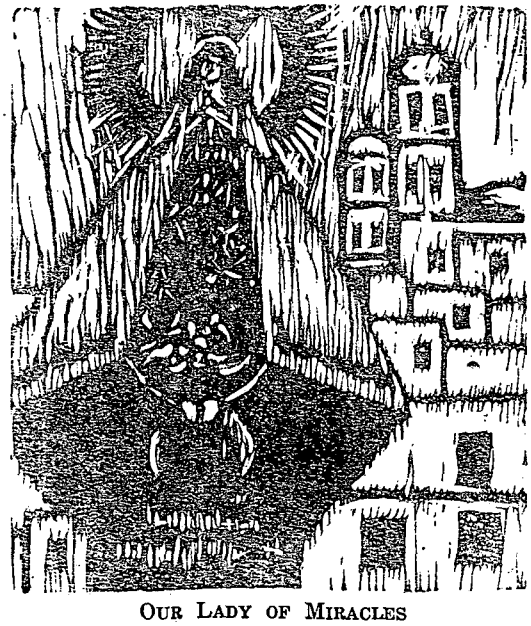
Emerging Mexico

By ERNEST GRUENING

II. Education

EDUCATION, though the least pressing of the nation's problems, is both the most fundamental and most difficult of achievement. Mexico has never known general education. Even on the railroads are villages that either have no schools or utterly negligible ones, while up in the sierras and in those vast jungle regions beyond reach of mail and telegraph schooling has been and is non-existent. And if the physical quantity of buildings and teachers is wholly inadequate, the quality of instruction as a preparation for life in Mexico is even more so. An adobe hut on the mesa, a palm slat and thatch *jacal* in the tropics, into which pupils of all ages crowd, is the typical schoolhouse of rural Mexico. Books—when there are any—are hopelessly inappropriate to the pupils' needs, as is the instruction, usually limited to the three R's, by an underpaid, discouraged, and little trained teacher. Here and there exceptional bright spots merely emphasize the prevailing darkness.

Before Obregon the appropriation for national education never exceeded seven figures—Mexican dollars. The states' educational work, with one or two exceptions, varied from little to next to nothing, depending largely on the rapacity of their governors. The children of the wealthy went abroad or to private schools. The Obregon Government in 1923 bravely appropriated $45,000,000 (Mexican)—over four times what any other administration had ever contemplated. But before the end of the year corruption and its fruition, rebellion, whittled this down a third. Plans laid had to be abandoned. Yet Vasconcelos probably did more for education than had ever been done in a like period. Grave mistakes were made. Inevitably all kinds of disorganization and confusion reigned. But schools were built—several superb centers now standing in the capital and a stadium dedicated to the much-needed physical development of Mexican youth show that the work was well begun. And, above all, the national cultural expression in the arts and crafts was for the first time given encouragement and impetus.



OUR LADY OF MIRACLES

Woodcut by Wenceslao Orozco, 14 years old, a student in the classes of Carlos Orozco in the city of Guadalajara.

Yet viewing the question dispassionately, with full allowance for incredible difficulties and with due appreciation of individual heroic effort, it cannot be denied that the net country-wide progress in education has been infinitesimal. The more than 80 per cent of illiteracy persists. The same tragic proportion of little children die—victims of utter ignorance—who could so easily be saved by a few elementary hygienic precepts imparted to their mothers. The same vast areas remain without benefit of schools or roads, of doctors or sanitation or the inventions with which science has lightened the lot of mankind. The task is not merely to educate the youth but the manhood and womanhood of the nation.

Yet during the last few years a single seed of the greatest potentiality has quietly come to blossom. Not fifty miles from the capital has been worked out a method that offers the key to the entire Mexican riddle. At San Juan Teotihuacan, Manuel Gamio, a young anthropologist trained under Boas at Columbia University, has while uncovering the pyramids and monuments of that ancient city at the same time made a uniquely thorough survey of the region and its people, calling into use every applicable modern science. Here from the soil successively fertilized by the prehistoric, pre-Columbian, and Hispanic culture the entire Mexican complex may be discovered in miniature.

Had Dr. Gamio been a scientist only, his work would furnish an invaluable treasure trove of information for future research. But he combined with his wholly objective investigation—now recorded in three ponderous tomes—a burning enthusiasm to convert his findings to the benefit of his fellows. A little volume of his, "Forjando Patria," published in 1916—one of the few literary contributions to the Mexican revolutionary ideology—packed with ideas as to the unification and development of the Mexican nation, was the expression of his hypothesis and hope. Nine years' experience has enabled him to evolve and apply an

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empirical educational system suited to the needs, harmonious with the instincts, and within the immediate grasp of the inhabitants of the region where lay his scientific work.

There was the local pottery, for instance, graceful in shape, its designs sprung from the native life and soil, yet crude in execution, brittle. He got the potters to experiment with their clays and ovens to produce a more durable ware; then he suggested the use of color such as is used in the beautiful Oaxaca and Jalisco pottery. The native designs he considered — quite rightly — sacrosanct. The result is that in San Juan Teotihuacan is being produced today a beautiful and useful ceramic, each piece an individual product in which the native's art finds expression, and through which the region will gradually be enriched by an increasingly flourishing industry. And no one understands better than Dr. Gamio that the native spirit of individual craftsmanship—which flowers in the rich textiles of Texcoco, Oaxaca, and Saltillo, the embroidered *huipiles* of Yucatan and Tehuantepec, the lackers of Uruapam, the wood and leather and metal work—must be preserved, that to make it wholesale and mechanical is to court its destruction. Two significant things stand out in this resurrected art and craft: first, that the motifs are almost precisely those found in the buried city, and second, that in this instance it was not so much instruction as guidance based on understanding—the pointing of the way—which led to the tapping of a fuller stream of buried creative power.

INDIAN VILLAGE

Woodcut by Lepoldo Cullar, about 10 years old, a pupil of Carlos Orozco.

In the surrounding hills gleam black deposits of obsidian which the Aztecs and their predecessors used for cutting implements. At San Juan Teotihuacan I have picked up razor blades—as unmistakable as a modern safety's—dropped there by the ancient Teotihuacanos. Under Dr. Gamio's guidance a craft in obsidian ornaments, rings, necklaces has sprung up. It may not prove a world-famous industry, but it is already providing interest, self-expression, and a livelihood for a number of families.

All over the central mesa of Mexico the scenery is prickled by the long rows of picturesque *maguey* or century plant, from which is drawn the native *pulque*. Harmless in the fresh state, it has become an unmitigated curse not because of its alcoholic content, which is slight, but on account of the fermentative processes it sets up within the intestinal tract. Consumed wholly by the masses, this ancient beverage is responsible for no small part of the apathy and degeneration found in certain regions. Yet the Mexican revolution has not dared to attack it. Aurelio Manrique, the enlightened agrarian governor of San Luis Potosi, who has had the courage to do so, is a conspicuous exception. President Calles, who as governor made Sonora dry, told me that the question was an exceedingly difficult one. One drawback is that the *pulque* traffic is a tremendous vested interest with millions of acres given to its production and countless *pulquerias* which sell it in the cities. Immediate abolition of the traffic in a country trying to raise itself out of bankruptcy and needing every cent of revenue would cause an incalculable economic dislocation. The solution, at least for the economic side of the problem, probably the most difficult side, would be, it has long been felt, to find some other commercial use for the plant. In the center at San Juan Teotihuacan they have just succeeded in utilizing the *maguey* fiber for making rugs. I have seen the earliest specimens, their brilliant contrasting and blending colors clearly bespeaking their racial craftsmanship. Strong and serviceable, they seem to presage an evolutionary way out of the *pulque* dilemma.

Teaching at San Juan naturally includes the three R's. But Dr. Gamio's instinct and experience have shown him that by themselves, as they have in the past been applied in isolated rural districts, they are useless; that economic redemption must go hand in hand with any attempt at mental betterment. So his education has been "industrial," but with the raw materials of the very region. (From one of the commonest native plants was extracted a highly satisfactory oil for soap-making.) The native has been taught how to cultivate more effectively, how to live more hygienically—but the approach has been based on such intimate knowledge of deep-seated instincts and taboos, of long-formed habits, that the new ways have been made palatable and acceptable to him.

At San Juan, for instance, Dr. Gamio has just built a model house which he hopes to induce the natives to adopt—for, of course, each man builds his own house. It contains four rooms—living room, sleeping room, kitchen, and bath, a chimney, and windows—in place of the prevailing one-room, windowless and chimneyless, and of course bathless, native habitation. But it is built of familiar material, the rock of the region; it compromises in certain unessentials with native custom. (Not many miles away row upon row of empty wooden houses testify to the failure of an attempt to induce natives to live rent free in an agricultural colony in violation of deep-rooted habits.) For four centuries few have tried to understand the Indian, to plumb the hidden depths of his soul. He is unknown in his own country.

GIRL

Woodcut by another child, Francisco Marin, also a pupil of Carlos Orozco.

The poverty among the natives here, as elsewhere in Mexico, was complete. Despite the fact that the most important cultural and educational experiment was being conducted here, the natives were unable to secure the benefit of the agrarian reform; the seven great landholders who

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controlled 90 per cent of the land in the valley were too influential with the supposedly revolutionary state governor. The remaining 10 per cent of land was owned by some four hundred small holders—leaving 7,500 persons landless. To improve the quality of the native domestic animals Dr. Gamio purchased blooded sires which he offered at stud free of charge to the natives. He has not hesitated to be paternalistic. In Mexico it is essential to make a beginning thus, and then to preach and try to stimulate the doctrine of self-help and individual initiative.

Nor is there in Dr. Gamio's method any artificial attempt to manufacture an indigenous quality long since vanished. Such things have been in other nationalist revivals elsewhere, although in Mexico it is the indigenous that has proved irrepressible through four centuries. Rather is his method scientific, eclectic, and without preconceptions. There is an open-air theater at San Juan, using natural scenery as a stage and back-drop and an amphitheater of concrete in the manner of the ancient—*and modern*—local artisans. There are, along with folk-plays and dances, radio and motion pictures—the most popular ones picturing the natives themselves in home-spun plots. Nevertheless the basic formula is simple. It is merely to facilitate man's age-long struggle to conquer and develop his environment.

All this leads to the stimulating fact that Manuel Gamio is now sub-secretary of education in the Calles Government in charge of rural education. Multiply the Gamio method till it reaches all parts of Mexico and in one generation her problems will be on the road to permanent solution. But can this be done?

Of the Ministry's $30,000,000 (Mexican) budget, the one-third assigned to rural education is to provide ten centers like that of San Juan appropriately scattered in sections of the country diverse in climate, topography, products, and above all in race—for the Zapotecos, Mayas, Yaquis, Mayos, Huicholes, Ottomis, and Tarascos differ widely. Dr. Gamio has the highest hopes for the reclamation of the virgin populations of Quintana Roo, of Chiapas, of the Sierra Madre of Durango, which, unscathed by the attempted imposition of alien cultures, unspoiled and uncontaminated, offer, in his judgment, the greatest possibility for friendly assimilation. His vision is of a cultural Mexican common denominator under which racial and personal individuality will have the greatest free play.

But what are ten centers? The Valley of San Juan Teotihuacan contains some 8,000 souls. Mexico's rural population is approximately one thousand times that number. To achieve the work in a lifetime, one thousand such centers would seem to be indicated—one hundred an imperative, irreducible minimum. What do the paltry thirty million pesos annually amount to? Ten, twenty times that sum is needed. Where is the money to be secured? Mexico hasn't it at present. Here incidentally is a transcendent opportunity for some of our great foundations to make at one time an inestimable contribution to science, to international good-will, and to the immediate strengthening of neighborly ties by endowing one or more of the human reclamation stations, if they may so be called, along the lines indicated by Dr. Gamio's work. Here is a rare field for ethnologists, archaeologists, sanitarians, social pioneers, Mexican and American alike.

Of course it is not to be expected that each of the newly established centers can be developed with the painstaking accuracy and fondness lavished on San Juan—and even there results are just beginning to show—though sufficient funds would go far to overcome that difficulty. To secure extensive returns a certain amount of intensiveness will have to be sacrificed. Yet while the experience of San Juan will be invaluable, each region will need its own special study and its own special adaptations.

The overshadowing immediate problem, however, is financial. How President Calles is approaching it will be discussed next week.

[*Two other articles will follow. The series was written last January just after a visit to Mexico.*]

The A B C of Relativity

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

III. The Eel and the Measuring Rod

THE special theory of relativity was published by Einstein in 1905; the general theory (which explains gravitation) in 1915. The special theory dealt with a special case and made the need of the general theory very evident, but the difficulties to be overcome were tremendous.

We have seen that, when we say that two events in different places happen at the same time, we are not stating a physical fact about the two events but a fact which depends upon the way the clocks are moving that are used in our observation. Thus simultaneity becomes relative. This makes a great difference to our conception of the universe. We think of the world as a whole as being now in one state, now in another. This idea must be given up. Each separate electron and proton has its own private time, which does not quite agree with that of any other. Such questions as whether there is progress in the universe become to some extent arbitrary; they will depend in part upon our choice of clocks out of a number which are equally good, because what is earlier by one clock may be later by another.

Geometry, as taught in schools since Greek times, ceases to exist as a separate science, and becomes merged in physics. For example, the whole conception of a straight line collapses. What appears to you to be a straight road whose parts all exist may appear to another observer to be like the flight of a rocket, a kind of curve whose parts come into existence successively. Rigid bodies, which we need for measurement, are only rigid for certain observers; for others, they will be constantly changing all their dimensions. It is only our obstinately terrestrial imagination that makes us suppose a geometry separate from physics to be possible.

We are apt to think that, for careful measurements, it is better to use a steel rod than a live eel. This is a mistake. To an observer in a suitable state of motion, the eel would appear as rigid as the rod does to us, while the rod would appear to be constantly wriggling. Nor can it be said that

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such an observer would see things falsely while we see them truly. In such matters what is seen does not belong solely to the physical process observed but also to the standpoint of the observer. Measurements of distances and times do not reveal properties of the things measured but relations of the things to the measurer. What observation can tell us about the physical world is therefore more abstract than we have hitherto believed.

It is easy to see that there must be *something* wrong with Newton's statement of the law of gravitation. He makes two bodies attract each other with a force depending upon their distance apart. He means, of course, distance *at a given time*. He thought, as every one else did, that, at a given moment, one body would be in one place and the other in another, and there would be some definite distance between these two places. But now the question what is the *same* moment for the two bodies is found to depend upon what clock we choose out of a number that are equally good. Thus the law of gravitation, in its Newtonian form, will give different results according to which of many equally legitimate conventions we adopt. This is as absurd as it would be if the question whether one man had murdered another were to turn on whether they were described by their Christian names or their surnames. It is obvious that physical laws must be the same whether distances are measured in miles or kilometers, and we are concerned with what is essentially only an extension of the same principles.

The essential novelty of Einstein's theory of gravitation consists in the suggestion that what appears as an influence emanating from the sun and causing the planets to go round it is really a characteristic of the region in which the planets move. An analogy will serve to make the point clear. Suppose that on a dark night a number of men with lanterns were walking in all directions over a huge plain, and suppose that in one part of the plain there was a hill with a flaring beacon on the top. Suppose you were observing all this from a place high up in a balloon, so that you could not see the ground, but only the lanterns and the beacon. You would not know there was a hill, but you would see that people moved differently when they got near the beacon. Let us suppose that there are paths showing the easiest way from place to place, and that people follow these paths. They will not go to the very summit of the hill, especially if it gets steeper and steeper as it nears the top. They will go round to avoid unnecessary climbing. You would see that people turned out of the straight course when they approached the beacon and that the nearer they came the more they turned aside. You would naturally attribute this to an effect of the beacon; you might think that it was very hot and people were afraid of betting burnt. But if you waited for daylight you would see the hill, and you would find that the beacon merely marked the top of the hill and did not influence the people with lanterns in any way.

This is, roughly speaking, what Einstein says about gravitation. He says that the sun is at the top of a hill, only the hill is in space-time, not in space. (I advise the reader not to try to understand this.) Each body, at each moment, adopts the easiest course open to it, but owing to the hill the easiest course is not a straight line. Each little bit of matter is at the summit of its own little hill, like the cock on his own dung-heap. What we call a big bit of matter is a bit which is at the top of a big hill. The hill is what we know about; the bit of matter at the top is a hypothesis, perhaps an unnecessary one, since we can never get to the top of some one else's hill, any more than the pugnacious cock can fight the irritating bird that he sees in the looking-glass.

It is impossible to explain the mathematical formulation of Einstein's law of gravitation. It gives, as it should, almost exactly the same consequences as Newton's. But in three respects it gives minute differences, and in all three Einstein has been found to be right. First, his law explains a tiny anomaly in the motion of the planet Mercury which had long puzzled astronomers. Secondly, he predicted that light passing near the sun would be bent out of the straight course twice as much as if it consisted of material particles. This can only be tested by photographing the stars during a total eclipse; it was verified by the observations of two British expeditions to observe the eclipse of May 29, 1919. Finally, lines in solar and stellar spectra ought to be slightly displaced toward the red as compared with the same lines in terrestrial laboratories. This effect is only just large enough to be observed, but this also has now been verified. On these grounds Einstein's law of gravitation is now accepted as empirically established.

Einstein's theory of gravitation is only part of his solution of a general problem: to state the laws of physics so as to allow for the fact that all motion is relative. Newton assumed absolute space and absolute time, and consequently absolute motion. These assumptions became imbedded in the technique of mathematical physics, and though people disliked them they did not see how to dispense with them. It was thought for a time that the ether could take the place of absolute space and that motion through the ether could take the place of absolute motion. But the Michelson-Morley experiment, as well as certain others, showed that this was not the case; motion through the ether, if it takes place, has no discoverable effects whatever. In a case of relative motion, therefore, we cannot give any meaning to the statement that one of the bodies concerned is "really" at rest while the other is "really" in motion. If we assume conventionally that some one body (say the earth or the sun) is at rest, the laws of physics must be just the same as if we assume that some other body is at rest. Einstein found a statement of the laws of physics which fulfils this test, and it was in the course of his search that he was led to his theory of gravitation. This was a sensational triumph, because gravitation, ever since Newton's day, had remained obstinately aloof and had resisted all attempts to connect it with the rest of physics. This unsatisfactory state of affairs is now at an end.

[*The last in this series of four successive articles will appear next week.*]

Wine

By DAVID P. BERENBERG

If after long and weary years
Of living without wine,
I drink, and lose my head, my dear,
Is the fault mine?

Wine was not made for thirsty men,
Not such as you gave me;
Such wine is ripened for the god
I was to be.

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Dead Now

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

"WHY does your dog snap at me, Kalihi?"

"Because you are not kanaka. Two things he hates—fleas and foreigners."

"That is unfair; he never growls at Lehua," I would say, and come as near bashing the lean lemon-colored thing as I dared. Lehua, the native girl who lived with the old man, often beat the dog, and I was always bringing him live minnows in my dress from the sea.

"He is a bad dog," I said once. I was tired of being called a foreigner. "You ought to eat him up."

"Aue, aue, Little One!" He plopped the pounder into the poi, and sat back on his heels, smiling as if I were the most amusing haole he had ever met.

The old man was always there, in the mornings, with his crisp white hair, pounding poi beneath a jagged crimson tree that mixed its color with the hot sunshine, and lighted up the place below as if we lay under a red silk umbrella. When I started from the school gate, the tree looked like a ruddy octopus sprawling on a sea of pea-green—at Kalihi's, I watched its shifting, crawling shadow, and, when the old man was not talking, sat in a long reverie, listening to the little stream that crooked an elbow around the hut, the tree, and the two of us.

Tilted against the tree, too white to look at, was the bone-like coral where Kalihi rested his pounder while he told me stories or spat out bitter things about his enemies. If I listened, instead of going to Sunday school, he gave me mangoes with pink cheeks, and smiled vastly, as though I were brown like Lehua, or George Henry John, while the dog retired to the coolest corner of the hut, to snuffle for fleas and growl.

I was Kalihi's most attentive listener, unless you counted, as he did, the dog. The native children left in a troop, with mimicry and giggles, when he started to chant to the thud of the poi mallet. I was different—I was all for being more kanaka than they were; but these round little nondescripts learned from the textbooks my mother gave them that kings were nothing to compare to presidents, nowadays, and that poets wore beards and coats, like Longfellow. What if Kalihi did have stone trinkets that linked him in some way with Kamahameha the Great? They would have sold them, if they could have got them, and used the money to buy glass necklaces, or American buttoned shoes to wear to Sunday school and band concerts.

"You two the only people of my race left," said Kalihi to me when Kanamakale slunk back after snarling himself hoarse at our Chinese neighbor's brougham. "This is a new thing for a Hawaiian to be. If you do something, your anger at these—" he growled a native word, and spat right and left into the stream—"gets tired; but for ten years I do nothing but pound poi. My arms get tired making poi, my skin is washed in the sea when I fish, but my anger goes on and on and gets sour in my blood like the fever."

Ah Foo's brougham generally held one of Ah Foo's daughters, coming home from some fashionable tea or entertainment. They were all alike, and all alike dazzling. I had never talked to one of those tall graceful camellias, but sometimes I would stand at a small opening in the hibiscus hedge and look. There were so many of them, all so sleek and slender and highly colored. They bathed in a sunken pool, where the stream wound through their garden toward Kalihi's pond, and at nights I used to discuss with myself the possibility of his introducing sharks for their discomfort.

Ah Foo himself, the camellias' father, I knew rather better, because he always took the street-car from motives of economy, and I used to see him when we went in to market, in the city. He was no more than a wisp of a yellowed mango leaf, with a wisp of a whisker and a wisp of a pointed smile; Chinese as to fingernails, Hawaiian as to wife, and American as to morning newspaper. This he read on his way to his office; while I took him in, pongee suit and all, and wondered why he never talked to anyone.

He looked as old as the Yangtse River and as turgid. The sail of a sampan might have made his skin, amber his eyes, and yellowed ivory his restless fingers. It took long, long meditation on the incongruity of life to adjust him to those flower-faced maidens, with their supple arms and throats—his daughters.

Then, while I thought those things, he would turn to the page where business men look eagerly, and with a click-clicking in his cheek begin to recount yesterday's net gains.

Just as he brought beautiful daughters—mysterious girls, half native and half Oriental, with warm skin and mandarin eyes and hands—into being from his own dried body, so he had made his hybrid riches. First in rice, the deadliest of crops to harvest, where he drove his foremen, who in turn drove their own people, the laborers. Here he accomplished a corner, achieved a small famine, and withdrew with a big price. His second try was at sandalwood. By virtue of still having his queue, he struck up trade with the temples in his own country. Then like a poppy out of parched soil—his last venture—and his wealth: opium.

And although he wore immaculate European suits and Irish linen, he kept one finger-nail long, and retained the most primitive of devices, a Chinese counting slate, strung with red and blue beads, to record his millions.

Hummel of the Fanning Isles, trader, poacher, self-confessed pirate, a man totally sea-wise and land-droll, the jolliest I ever knew—for the first five minutes. He excelled in freckles, tales, and offspring. His land bounded Kalihi's on the sea side—from his attic window you could just catch a glimpse of the bright space that was the ocean.

Our island served as a base from which he was usually absent, roaming the Pacific—to come back laden with a cargo of guano, a chestful of stuffed sea-birds, and gifts for all of us—decomposed turtle eggs, fabrics from the looms of his southern sweethearts, gourds, tom-toms, and scars.

At home he was respectable, had twelve tow-headed children, a massive wife, an ant-eater, a brindled she-dog, and a goat. They ate squid, hominy, and Spanish rice, with Russian kwass to wash it down. This mixture did not

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bother me then, but later it seemed odd to me, and I unraveled the dietary maze and reconstructed their travels, before they came to settle in the rambling old house that had been Ah Foo's when he raised rice. Hummel's girls wore white blouses edged with red needle work, and did the family washing down on the stones of the little creek that ran from Kalihi's place into their yard.

They were stodgy females, fat-legged, moving stiffly about, squatting like pale frogs when they washed. Their hands were always red. It was a comfort to Kalihi to think that this neighbor had ugly daughters, but bitterness that they should wash in his stream. He could not turn it from its channel, but he wished to. Now and then he spat into it.

The Hummels lived in stolid ignorance of Kalihi's grudges. They went to him now and then for poi. As a surprise for papa when he next came home they were adding this to their geographical diet.

The old Hawaiian was monosyllabic, dished out his paste, told them to put the money on the white stone, and not until they had crossed the stream did he call out his dog for a barrage of barking.

Papa Hummel's return this time, I remember, was a savory one. He had been about four months away. There was already much cooking; good smells surrounded the cottage. The girls starched their blouses, and the boys taught the brindled hound to do a new trick.

They were used to having it a long time between papa's homecomings. Sometimes he found a new baby crawling on the front steps. This time there was a litter of puppies.

But his kingdom always rose and greeted him royally —even if part of it could not remember him—and this it prepared to do now.

I was invited for the festival because I knew how to eat poi, and, besides, Captain Hummel was teaching me to bowl with turtle eggs. At one end of a long coral path, swept smooth, he set up new Fiji war-clubs. On the center, a red flower for a bull's-eye. With a furious hurl, the Captain and I would speed the indestructible eggs down the path. They dented like celluloid, but they never broke, and the yolks in them were as heavy as stones.

We were called in and seated for dinner—the seventh of a series of savory dinners—the girls with ribbons in their hair and bonbons for everybody. The massive mother brought in the poi.

"Nix! None of that swill in *my* house," roared the Captain. Everybody sat dumb. The poi was the great surprise for his homecoming, the surprise that had taken weeks to perfect and much devotion from the thirteen of them, for poi is hard to learn to eat, and they had all learned.

"It's awfully good," I said, with as much spunk as I could, since they were all so dismayed. "Kalihi makes it."

"He does—does he? Who told you to put in your oar? Well, the dirty nigger better keep his damn slop out of here!"

The homecoming was wearing off, for papa. The little Hummels saw how things were, grabbed bonbons and fled. The massive mother stood by for the storm; the girls went out carrying crockery and whispering.

"He is not dirty," I said, pushing myself into the range of his rage.

Hummel's face jerked down to focus mine. All the freckles seemed to be standing out on it, like objects before a storm. His tattooed arm wrecked the pudding as it came across for me. I slapped it hard and ran.

When I came down the little hill, and across the stream to the crimson tree, late in the tropic dark that day, Kalihi was sitting alone over some red coals.

"Where is Lehua?" I began. He was not very friendly.

"Swimming."

Before I sat down I looked around cautiously for his dog. Perhaps it had gone with Lehua.

There was a strange smell in the air. There were noises and shadows—then into the light came some other dogs, Hummel's spotted bitch among them. They stood still across the river, sniffed, and then plunged away.

I turned around and caught the expression on the old man's face. Something made me feel sick.

Suddenly he spoke.

"I killed my dog. Ate him," he said calmly.

"Why did you do such a thing?" I got up and shook like a leaf. It was a horrid cur, but this was dreadful.

"You told me to, many times."

"But, Kalihi, you liked that dog. . . ."

We sat with the airy rustle of the bananas over us.

"My dog"—he waited a moment, then, laughing a little and still calmly—"my dog, he make love to Hummel's dog."

My father's district was shifted, and we went away to one of the other islands. We went for three months—it was a temporary appointment—and I suppose that was why it lasted five years. I was quite a grown-up little girl when we came back, with two pigtails and long dresses that came below my knees.

The school was gone, with a new one to replace it—a big building of stone, and a baseball lot across the way. The very topography of the ground had altered. Where had been Kalihi's little gulch was now level land, white and smooth, and a basketball-field for the girls beyond, running up to a new hedge of hibiscus. Through the hedge there was a second flower garden and a second bathing pool —Kalihi's old pond, rimmed around with cement—and a house, where a sleek, smooth-haired young Chinaman, the new son-in-law, lived with one of the gliding camellias.

At Hummel's even the ant-eater was still alive.

But Kalihi was nowhere.

I asked about him from the young Hawaiians. They stared at me. This was a new crop of little round-heads, who had never seen the old poi-pounder.

"You mean that white-haired native who used to live in a hut across there? Why, that was a long time ago," said one of the grade teachers, finally. "Oh—I don't know. The schoolboard had to condemn his land. I think he went to sea; Captain Hummel will be able to tell you—I think he shipped with him. Anyhow, I believe he's dead now."

THE NATION for July 1 will be a special number celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the paper. Among the contents will be articles and letters by Carl Van Doren, Henry Raymond Mussey, Oswald Garrison Villard, H. L. Mencken, Ludwig Lewisohn, Sinclair Lewis, Zona Gale, H. W. Nevinson, Ramsay MacDonald, Bernard Shaw, and President Calles of Mexico.

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The Public Man and the Newspapers

By BULKLEY SOUTHWORTH GRIFFIN

A PUBLIC official in Washington never wants or expects the truth to be told about him. Or as a veteran Washington correspondent, himself a victim of the malady he challenged, recently mourned: "Washington correspondents operate on a commercial-friendship basis."

Granting this to be true—and I believe the contention will be proved in a second—the newspapers of the country don't print the truth about the figures, minor or imposing, in the national government; and consequently our 115,000,000 citizens form their judgments—which keep a public official in Washington or remove him—from half-lights or three-quarter lights.

The average Washington correspondent soon comes to know that public servants there intend that only news "favorable" to them shall appear in the newspapers. That is, items calculated in their judgment to lose them no votes but, rather, to get them votes. This is the whole secret of tons of speeches delivered on the floor of Congress, or merely printed in the *Congressional Record*, and of millions of courteous and frantically helpful letters sent to constituents with unworthy axes to grind. By the same token it is the grief of the honest newspaperman who pictures himself as serving the public and not a public official or the prejudice of a paper.

A Congressman from New England grew resentful and promised to give a correspondent no more news because the reporter intended to send to the congressman's home paper a "story" made up of extracts from a speech of the Congressman in the *Congressional Record*. The speech happened to deal with a debatable subject—let us say the Johnson immigration bill—and the Congressman was talking in Washington along lines designed to win the frowns of some of his foreign-born voters at home.

Another Congressman from the same region closed his office doors all year to a correspondent who had sent home a brief dispatch saying that the Congressman had returned to Washington after an absence of four weeks. The office of a New England Senator was chilly to a reporter because he had suggested in a dispatch that the Senator had listened to the reading of an important state document with a slightly ironic smile. A reporter wrote an article saying that another New England Senator was criticized and his sincerity doubted on the Senate floor for his bonus vote. After the appearance of the report back home the correspondent was gravely warned that if similar "harmful" articles appeared he need expect no items from that Senator's office.

Why, there was a President of the United States, not so very long ago, who lectured the newspapermen because they figured out how fast his automobile, in a trip across several States, had traveled—which was very fast indeed. It is not unusual for a President, when meeting reporters in his bi-weekly press conferences, to ask them to suppress certain facts, as, for instance, the time he devotes to golf or other recreation.

And so on. One New England Congressman once went on a newspaper-paid trip south and employed earnest efforts to make the newspapers say he was in Washington all the time. Another Congressman or Senator fights to keep his West Point and Annapolis appointments and his pension awards out of the papers; another to suppress the fact that he runs down to Pinehurst to play golf over the week-end.

Now, probably the public official should not be sharply criticized for this hearty effort to run a propaganda bureau. He does not know any better; that is the way he has been brought up.

It may be argued that the instances cited—a few out of legion—cover matters of minor importance. Partly correct; but the principle is not affected. It is true, for example, that if a Congressman gets into a fist fight on the floor of the House such news is never suppressed. That is because, and only because, such an incident cannot be suppressed. It is witnessed and recounted by too many people.

It is also true, for example, that if the President of the United States leaves work for a week that fact is always advertised. That is again because it cannot be buried. But the tendency, the growing tendency, remains. Where it can be accomplished—and that is amazingly often—"unfavorable" news is not allowed to see the printed page.

First, but not primarily, the Washington correspondent is to blame. He wants to hold his friendships and he believes if he prints all the news and the truth he cannot do this. Friendships mean news. Almost every Washington correspondent has special news sources whose displeasure he consciously or unconsciously fears. So the reporter becomes something of a servitor, a satellite—unknowingly. His truth is not his own; and, therefore, not the public's.

Then the average reporter in Washington is not doing newspaper work with the idea of serving the public. The crusader is absent—out of date and to be laughed at. The Washington correspondent today does his work as a business proposition, like the man who runs a tailoring shop or a meat store. If by printing a fact he will arouse the anger of a good news source his decision is easy and immediate. For an angry friend means less news, more work, and a poorer record of good stories.

A lesser reason for the abdication of idealism lies in the conventionalism of the Washington newspaper world. Probably "Washington correspondent" is the easiest and most sumptuous berth any reporter can get in this country. There is small work connected with it. Groups work together, swapping news and writing each other's stories. Friendships grow up all around and the tranquil family life of Washington appeals. Into this pleasant and placid existence why should enmities and acrimony and consequently more work intrude? Newspapermen and public officials are kindly one toward another in Washington.

To go afield a bit for another angle of the subject, one recalls, at the wind-up of the Washington Arms Conference, President Harding singing the swan song of the gathering in thanking each Power present for her aid to world peace. He ended the list without mentioning China, the nation in the forefront of the conference, and Secretary Hughes hurriedly leaned over and in a loud stage whisper mentioned the omission—which Harding speedily corrected. This

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colorful little incident went unnoticed in practically every paper.

It was not in the schedule and was unsanctioned by custom and so was passed by in the correspondents' accounts. An incident like this, while important, is probably not conscious suppression of legitimate news.

A case more in point occurred at the recent Cleveland convention of the Republican Party when Henry Cabot Lodge was publicly spanked—offered no office but a trifling honorary delegation vice-presidency—by the Massachusetts delegation for his "disloyalty" to Coolidge. Two reporters for large Eastern papers were heard to comment that they had "let Lodge down as easy as possible." And they had. From their dispatches one gathered that the delegation meeting had been all serenity and holy calm with Lodge one of the honored participants. Friendship was responsible for this miscarriage of truth.

Seldom do the Washington reporters combine to blanket a public man. The Magnus Johnson episode is unusual. In this case the earnest and untutored farmer from Minnesota had the effrontery to invade the Senate press gallery to pour out his wrath upon a correspondent. For this unconventional intrusion all the reporters rose in their righteous consternation and boycotted him. Magnus Johnson stories suddenly ceased to appear.

Back of the reporters are the newspapers, and theirs is the ultimate blame. A branch to live takes after the tree. Hardly a newspaper today prints all the news and the truth of it. They are all serving a cause or two. Last spring, for example, within a month letters were received from two papers in a New England State telling the writer to cut down on legitimate news about Senator A of that State, explaining, where no explanation was necessary, that they did not care for this Senator. In the same month a letter came from another paper in the same State angrily telling the writer to decrease his items about Senator B, the other Senator from that State, and to write more about Senator A. This paper was supporting Senator A.

Last summer a New England paper dropped its correspondent mainly, it was stated, because he was not sufficiently complimentary to Calvin Coolidge. The paper did not question the accuracy of the articles.

One other factor—a significant one—should be noted. This is the propaganda mill. Today it is well-nigh ubiquitous. Every government department has its publicity agent in one form or another. Unquestionably this comparatively new departure in journalism is hostile to the truth. A publicity agent must give to the reporters only news favorable to his superiors and his department. The vast remainder of the news is bottled up.

Not only the government departments but all large organizations from which correspondents gather news employ the suppresser and colorer of news—the publicity agent. So the United States Chamber of Commerce, all the pro-defense and all the anti-war societies, the women's organizations, the pro- and anti-prohibition forces, the sugar interests, the manufacturers, have their agents.

The result is that the reporter takes what he is given and asks few or no questions. He finds life easy; news, all written out, laid at his elbow daily. He loses what initiative he had. He does not go questing for "unfavorable" facts. And the public reads what the publicity agent wants it to read.

In the Driftway

THE Mayor of New York is thought by many persons to be in an unfortunate position. He has talked for seven years about the five-cent fare and the wicked traction "interests" which have sought to deprive the people of this boon; and then the report of the Mayor's transit committee on the Mayor's proposed subways shows that the new lines will, under the proposed cost of construction, demand a fare of from eight to ten cents. Most of the New York newspapers, in columns of editorial and news matter, are publishing these facts, with statistics to prove them beyond any shadow of a doubt. Their columns read in effect: "Seven reasons why the Mayor has missed his step: 1, 2, 3, 4, etc." Each morning the Drifter respectfully scans the columns of statistics without reading them and each morning he sees also a statement from the Mayor saying: "The five-cent fare will be maintained." He does not state how or when; he merely asseverates firmly and no doubt loudly the same sentence. The Drifter, to whom the subway is an abomination at any price, does not care much whether the Mayor is right or not. In fact, in his calmer moments he believes the statistics. But the power of simple statement, repeated many times, is very great.

* * * * *

FOR sixteen hundred years men said: "The Pope is infallible; the Church is infallible; God speaks through his priests and they are infallible." And for sixteen centuries these statements were believed largely because they were made often and firmly. The Drifter does not imagine that the five-cent fare will be an issue for quite so long a time. But if it is not, it will be because the Mayor's opponents have found a plain, short sentence of their own. Most persons do not read statistics. They are repelled by them. Those who do read them are divided into three classes: Those who read everything in the paper; those who read them because they look simple and then do not understand them after all; and that small class for whom they have a meaning. This is a truth that all scientists should learn. Abstract truth, abstract ideas require effort. It is easier to say: "My grandfather was not a monkey" than to digest the theory of evolution.

* * * * *

THIS tendency of people to believe what is told them is carried to such an extent that they often doubt the evidence of their own eyes. Recently the weather has been hot; a mockingly warm breeze brought no relief; in cities the sidewalks melted; in the country the corn grew an inch a day. Obviously this was abnormally high temperature for the first week in June. But the sweltering men and women who suffered the heat were not satisfied to be hot. They eagerly read the newspapers every morning to find out just how hot it had been the day before; they boasted of the hottest day in the history of the weather bureau, of a temperature of 95 in the shade, of nine persons prostrated and seven injured in falls from roofs where they had sought relief. The heat was the only topic of conversation, but it was dwelt on more surely where large statements about it could be made. When simple figures in round numbers were lacking the only recourse of a heat-wracked multitude was the question, repeated ad infinitum: "Well, is it hot enough for you?"

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

From a Prisoner in San Quentin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sending you a short article setting forth a few facts about this prison. If you are interested in such things, and care to publish it, you may rest assured that it is the plain truth, not exaggerated. It might be made tough for me here if it was discovered that I had written this, so I ask that my name be withheld.

This will be sent "underground," and I hope it is not damaged in the process.

San Quentin is California's leading penitentiary. It has fairly sanitary accommodations for 800 prisoners, but contains 2,800 at present. Since the first of January it has had a new warden, a Mr. Smith, who spreads himself in the newspapers as being a student of "anthropological samotology"; also as an efficiency expert who is going to put the prison on a paying basis. Although I am a convict in San Quentin I have no personal quarrel with Smith. I believe that the warden is just an average politician.

On February 18 a riot occurred in which an inmate, Tony Hernandez, was killed. At once the warden caused about forty men to be locked in the dungeon. They have been there now thirty days on bread and water. There is no evidence against them. On March 3 some of the men so confined were taken to bathe. One of them, Wendell Dollar, stooped over to pick up a cigarette butt and a guard shot him through the back, killing him. The officer excused himself by saying that he thought Dollar was trying to pick up a club or rock, and the coroner's jury exonerated him. There was nothing within reach of the prisoner that he could possibly have used as a weapon, and the guard must have observed this, as he was only about thirty feet distant. Men undergoing punishment are not allowed tobacco, and in reaching for a cigarette stub Dollar was breaking a prison rule. Murder, however, was not justified even under California law. The guard still occupies his post, so Mr. Smith evidently did not disapprove very strongly.

The new warden revived the prison bulletin, a convict publication, and promised that it should be a shining example of free press. Prisoners are not allowed certain radical papers, which are granted second-class mailing privileges by the United States Post Office Department, so apparently there are varieties of free press even in prison.

To make a good citizen out of a bad one you must feed him good, wholesome food and teach him a useful trade, says the warden. The food in San Quentin was poor under the former administration, but it is worse now. The diet is mostly starch and lacking in vitamines and other ingredients necessary to good health. The prison has a much-advertised vegetable garden, and it keeps chickens, hogs, and milk cows. The vegetable garden covers about five acres and is highly cultivated and carefully tended. For months at a time no fresh vegetable appears upon the convict's table, and when one does appear it is always single, an onion or a stalk of celery, unwashed and tough.

The only trade it is possible to learn is the manufacture of gunny sacks, and anyone who is forced to follow this occupation for a year or two will have had enough of it for one lifetime. There is a jute mill in Oakland, California, but it will not employ ex-convicts.

Perhaps the saddest thing of all is San Quentin's "crazy alley," where those mentally deranged, or that the doctor does not like, are kept. It is what the name implies, an alley, located between two three-story cell-houses, and has a high picket fence at each end. The place is damp and dark, alive with stink and slime. There is no warmth in it, no kindness; no sunlight ever penetrates its gloom. If you peer through the pickets you can see them, "The Miserable Ones," walking up and down in the shadows. Some old and gray and broken, only a little way from death and freedom. Some young and robust; how long will they be so? Nothing to do but go mad. One is an old Chinaman tottering on a broom-handle cane. He has been there sixteen years. Tomorrow or the next day or a month from now they will bury him on the wind-blown hill above San Quentin and Justice will have been satisfied.

Sodomy flourishes almost unheeded; men with syphilis are not even segregated and young boys mingle indiscriminately with the most "hard-boiled" of men. Those who have money are able to procure all sorts of "extras" through underground sources, and it is even said by the convicts that he who has the price can buy his freedom.

It is probable that all these things are known by the people of the United States and California. Maybe they do not care; they are not interested; or perhaps they think it serves us right to have to live under such conditions. Whatever is the case, why not be honest about it? San Quentin is not a place where men are reformed and made over into useful citizens. It is a place of cruel and stupid punishment where the ruling class "gets even" with those who have offended. It is a school that teaches depravity to the young and hate to all.

San Quentin, California, March 21 X. Y. Z.

Railroad Ownership: The Other Side

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: So *The Nation* has found yet another reason why the government should take over the railroads and operate them—to safeguard the stockholders' investment! Persons who invest their funds in the stocks of corporations are quite willing to assume the risks pertaining thereto, but *The Nation* would prefer to have the taxpayers assume these risks, the risk-taking stockholders all the while protesting vigorously against it.

Quite apart from hints of shady dealings in connection with the St. Paul, which are a long way from being proved, the fact remains that one of the factors in its downfall was the failure of the Northwest to prosper as it had prospered up to the time the Puget Sound line was built. The mistake of expanding at the wrong moment could have been made as easily under government ownership. And *The Nation* fails to consider at all the effect of the Interstate Commerce Commission's rate policy. The average index number of commodity prices is somewhat over 50 per cent above the 1913 level, and the average freight rate of all the railways is about the same. In the Northwest, however, rates are less than 41 per cent above the 1913 level. If rates in the Northwest had been kept at the same level as the average for the country over, the St. Paul would be solvent today.

The Nation plainly attempts to give the impression that, although Panama Canal competition, agricultural depression, and increased costs apply to other roads of the Northwest, yet the St. Paul is the only sufferer. Ergo, "it is likely to narrow down to a question of whether there has been honest and efficient management." The facts are that the net earnings of the seven principal railroads of the Northwest in 1924 taken together were 35 per cent less than in 1913. Their combined ton mileage in 1924 was less than it was in 1916.

I do not yield to *The Nation* or any other advocate of government ownership in my desire to see the railroads operated in a manner to promote the greatest social good. Wherein, however, does government ownership and operation give any such promise? Is the post office more efficient than the railroads or than the telephone company? Is its service better? Is it any more considerate in its treatment of its employees? *The Nation* has itself had something to say quite recently of the miserable lot of the civil servants, one of whom I once was. If advocates of government ownership wish to do some effective service for their ideal, they might well exert a little pressure in order to

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bring existing government enterprises up to a par with private corporations.

Granting many imperfections in the present railroad regime, the whole mass is, nevertheless, seething with change and rumors of change. Consolidations; the end of valuation approaching; the Baltimore and Ohio and other experiments in improving human relationships. With the hope there is for orderly progress, why should you advocate a sudden plunge into a solution about which so little is known—and that little, at least in large part, unfavorable?

New York, May 9 JAMES G. LYNE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Relative to your recent article on the financial collapse of the St. Paul railroad, I suggest that you write an editorial stating your reasons for believing that the reorganization of this road will cause serious loss to the farmers and business men of the Northwestern States. It appears to me that the only persons who will lose will be the stock- and bondholders of this system, for it is certain that no increase in rates will be granted unless it is proved beyond question that the road cannot be operated at a profit under the present tariff. In such event an increase will be entirely justified.

One great advantage of private ownership is the fact that losses resulting from mismanagement, or grafting, are borne wholly by the owners of the concerns affected and are not taxed on the public. Thus the heavy loss sustained by the New Haven system did not result in any increase in rates on this system nor in serious deterioration of its service. As you know, during the recent deflation many great industrial concerns suffered huge losses. In consequence, the management of most of these has greatly improved with no resultant increase in prices.

Oak Park, Illinois, May 15 BENJ. P. HORTON

A Protest from Peru

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We do not feel at all satisfied with the view which an idealistic paper like *The Nation* in its number of March 25, last, deems fit to take regarding the arbiter's decision about the Peru-Chilean question of Tacna and Arica.

Other land disputes in South America may have a history of rights less clearly defined, but the case of Tarapaca, Tacna, and Arica is a clear, neat case of conquest. With the knife at her throat Peru, utterly vanquished in the War of the Pacific, was obliged to cede to the victor, definitely, the territory of Tarapaca, but the cession of Tacna and Arica was left to a later and further issue.

If the United States, true to a redeeming policy of justice and peace, had had the desire to stop the march of imperialism, she would have taken advantage of the open issue remaining in the fulfilment of the Treaty of Ancon to cut off the rest of Chile's imperialistic pretensions, returning to Peru what could yet be restored of the old theft of conquest. This should have been done by President Coolidge not for love of Peru but for love of principle.

The United States Government agreed to act as arbiter between Peru and Chile expressly upon the point whether it were admissible or not to carry out the plebiscite stipulated in Clause 3 of the Treaty of Ancon. Hence there can have been no absolute impossibility of deciding against the realization of the plebiscite, or else the task of arbitration should have been refused at the outset.

The North American republic has by means of her unsuccessful act of arbitration weakened her moral standing among nations; she has put her shoulder to the wheel in order to aid conquest, and imperialism not having been routed as it ought to be, war will soon grow rampant in the whole continent.

Lima, April 27 ELVIRA RODRIGUEZ LORENTE
DORA MAYER DE ZULEN

Cultural Relations With Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a circular sent out a few months ago the Russian Information Bureau in Washington called attention to the organization in Moscow of the Joint Information Bureau for the purpose of establishing closer relations between cultural and scientific bodies in the Soviet Union and those of other countries.

At a recent meeting the Joint Information Bureau was replaced by the more comprehensively named Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries. The society has organized the following departments:

(1) Contact Bureau, to establish contacts with foreign societies for the purpose of exchanging information, views, reports, etc., of a cultural and scientific character.

(2) Book Exchange Bureau, which will conduct exchanges of general and scientific books between the Soviet Union and foreign countries.

(3) Press Bureau, which will look after the compilation and publication of a bulletin of cultural and scientific life in the Soviet Union. This section will also supply foreign countries with articles and notes of cultural interest on various phases of Soviet life.

(4) Service Bureau for Foreign Visitors, which will assist foreigners visiting the Soviet Union for the purpose of acquainting themselves with the cultural life and customs of the Soviet Union.

(5) Russ-Photo Bureau, which will supply pictorial material covering life in the Soviet Union to the foreign press, and foreign illustrations to the Soviet press.

Interested institutions, organizations, and individuals may communicate with the Russian Information Bureau, 2819 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C., or directly with the Society for Cultural Relations, Moscow, Sverdlov Place, Second Soviet House, Apartment A.

Washington, D. C., May 7 BORIS E. SKVIRSKY

Books for Workers in Palestine

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Workers' Organization in Palestine is largely composed of individuals of high education who left universities all over the world in order to come to Palestine to do their part in building up the country. A circulating library was formed by them which, due to their limited means, is far from satisfying their needs. A committee has been formed in New York to help them. Books are wanted on literature, science, agriculture, manual trades, education, and social movements in English, Russian, German, Yiddish, and Hebrew.

New York, May 20 BOOK CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE,
425 Lafayette Street

Crime News

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your issue of May 20 contained an article against the suppression of so-called "crime news." The writer wants crime news to be given a "truthful presentation." Could the lurid details of, let us say, the Sage case in Paterson, New Jersey, be mellowed by "truthful presentation"?

And then you ask what crime news is. Every item of such news is blatantly and unmistakably labeled; it is news which panders to an insalubrious morbidness in man. Your argument, in brief, is that no definite crime-news criterion can be set. The solution of any problem in life might be denied on the ground of there being only a vacillating criterion; such an attitude spells stagnation.

New York, May 21 IRVIN HOOD

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Books, Art, Plays

Poems

By WITTER BYNNER

THREE MEN

In a house born of the brown earth
And dying back to earth again
Without any desire to be more than earth
And without any particular pain,
Beside an acequia bringing water
Into fields not yet tall,
Three men were sitting with poems on their knees—
And they heard the wind rise and fall.
And one of them heard his own voice rising,
And one of them heard his own voice falling,
And the other heard only the summons of the wind
And wondered why it was calling.

SAYS A TAOIST

Why touch their hands
And speak light words to them
When you can sit cross-kneed
And hold deep converse
With their silence?

WORD-WOMAN

O wonderful sphynx,
Between your paws are heaped all the
syllables of earth
And all the syllables of heaven,
But around your eyes
A little wind
Whirls on the curved and staring stone
Expressions of sand.

Mutual Admirers

Selections from the Correspondence of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, 1884-1918. Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. $10.

Henry Cabot Lodge: A Biographical Sketch. By William Lawrence. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

THE first impression produced by these two portly volumes is one of unexcelled team play. History must be searched to find a case in which two men of unquestioned abilities so constantly and skilfully played into each other's hands. Meeting when the one was barely out of college and the other, only a few years out of college, had lectured there and had assisted in editing a review of reputation, Roosevelt and Lodge immediately became friends and continued so with hardly a break for almost forty years.

At first Lodge was the stronger influence and guided an eager, ambitious, and impulsive youth through the perils of political independence into unquestioning party loyalty. Blaine's candidacy in 1884 gave them their joint opportunity and until Roosevelt's death, in 1918, the two quietly marched together in their views with astonishing success. Roosevelt consults Lodge seriously as to what course he shall pursue, and Lodge replies as seriously. Later the pupil outruns the master, and if he goes through the form of asking advice and guidance it is only to receive encouragement from an echo of his own opinion and intuitions. In every phase it is like playing upon like.

Both men were good practical politicians and could feel the public sentiment shrewdly and correctly; but it was almost always for their own purposes. Much as is said here of the good of the people, the subject usually boils down to protective tariffs, offices, gains for the party, and a big navy. The range of statesmanship is limited, among other things, by party considerations. So good party men sacrifice a part of their freedom.

That the popular conception of both men should be changed by these letters is inevitable. Civil Service Commissioner Roosevelt outlines for Lodge a speech attacking his own supporters in the Civil Service Reform movement, and urges him not to "show mercy." For pages he cries after the medal in honor of his Cuban service denied to him by the unspeakable Alger. He protests his indifference to popular favor—and no one could more eagerly scan the political moves in each State or weigh them more minutely for his own advantage. He is loud in his denunciations of New York politicians, of the hated Mugwumps, and of the independent journals—and no one was more willing to use such agencies to gain his end. Having publicly declared his unwillingness again to be nominated for the presidency, almost at once he asked whether his refusal was not uncalled for—quixotic. As retired Commander-in-Chief he demands employment in the World War. Imagine a like request from Buchanan! The Senator is ever anxious to smooth difficulties, to suggest a policy already hinted by the younger man, to praise ecstatically what Roosevelt has poured out in an overwhelming stream from mouth and pen. There is no reason to question the sincerity of either; but the same or a better impression could have been secured by reducing the matter printed. Both suffer, for either too much or too little is told.

Not much history is to be found in these letters. Treaties overthrown by the Senate are hardly mentioned, and neither Hay nor Henry Adams plays a part. The war letters are too disjointed to read even as a record of individual feeling. Personalities abound—Roosevelt rejoiced in making them—but it may be questioned whether the selection has not been overrefined. If the Senator wished to give an idea of his own influence over Roosevelt, he has succeeded. If he wished to prove a certain identity of purpose and even of thought, he has done much to prove it. But if he desired to show how he and Roosevelt dealt with public questions as statesmen the record is most imperfect. The gaps are too glaring. Expletives and denunciations are not good historical material. Quotable sentences seem at first to be numerous, but when assembled they are so transient as soon to lose their savor.

Each writer has his merits. Roosevelt is the more vivid; Lodge writes in polished paragraphs, never losing himself so far as to indulge in an unexpected burst of indignation or to fling out an indiscreet but highly descriptive characterization. He has a better literary sense, and seems to have an uneasy feeling that his correspondent may do something not in accordance with the rules of the game which they are playing. In neither is there a marked sense of humor; both, indeed, are rather ponderous. Their position in history is yet to be established. Capturing the young men of the country, Roosevelt made an impression such as he could have wished; the depth and lasting quality of that impression are yet to be determined. Lodge will be known for his advocacy of the "force bill," the restriction of immigration, and the treaty of Versailles; the qualities of his acts have also to be tested. These letters will prove useful if not final, and they are chiefly notable in displaying at full length a perfectly sympathetic friendship.

Eulogy is an unfavorable form of historical expression. In the absence of criticism the weighing of evidence falls only on one side, and personal tribute, however genuine, cannot compensate the want of balance. Bishop Lawrence's biographical sketch, based upon his public eulogy, forms a fitting complement to the volumes of letters.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD

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The Style of Howells

William Dean Howells. By Oscar W. Firkins. Harvard University Press. $4.

VOLUMES which set out to analyze the works of even the greatest writers are as often as not extremely dull, and when the object of such exhaustive criticism is as a matter of fact far from having won an undisputed place among the immortals small profit, indeed, is likely to accrue to the reader. The truth of the old adage about the difficulty of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear very soon becomes apparent.

William Dean Howells owed his reputation to the fact that he expressed for the space of half a century in a pseudo-literary manner the thoughts and feelings of the great mass of his countrymen. His emotions were their emotions, his ideas were their ideas, his sense of humor was their sense of humor. Indeed in his own person he would seem to have fulfilled the particular function that has always been associated with the *Atlantic Monthly*, the function, namely, of giving sedate expression to those problems which in each succeeding generation are apt to puzzle the heads of the well-to-do.

Mr. Firkins himself is by no means oblivious to some of Howells's shortcomings. He notes, for exemple, how the novelist carefully avoids the more tragic situations that rise out of relationships between the sexes, situations which after all make up so important a part of the drama of life. Mr. Firkins's researches have provided him with the most exact information on this matter, and with enviable accuracy he tells us that in the forty volumes of Howells's fiction "adultery is never pictured, seduction never, divorce once and sparingly; marriage discord to the point of cleavage only once." He also goes to the trouble of giving us a list of certain words invented by Howells, words such as reverendest, beenabroads, heroinically, and tableclothy. Apropos of the last novel usage even Mr. Firkins is bold enough to write: "It is difficult to believe that he [Howells] felt himself to be repaying his obligation to his mother-tongue by the gift of a vocable like tableclothy."

Mr. Firkins makes a list of unfamiliar expressions used by Howells, a list that is certainly revealing. One can only wonder how it came about that anyone with literary pretentions could find it in him to write down the following: "not manned but girled," "hotch scotching and beef-teaing," "mothering and daughtering," "elders and fatters." In his loyal endeavor to interpret the work of his chosen master Mr. Firkins himself often displays little enough sense of style. For example, how singularly unpleasant is the following physiological metaphor (he is discoursing upon the various kinds of observation characteristic of great writers): "The process of observation differs widely. There is an observation that resembles a scoop or shovel. . . . This is Hugo's observation. . . . There is an observation that reminds one of a fork in the hand of a well-bred Englishman in the leisurely composure of its withdrawal and return; this is the observation of Trollope. . . . There is an observation that resembles a straw in lemonade; that is the observation of Mr. Howells. . . . The straw does not so much connect two surfaces as connect two interiors." He can also, when occasion offers, indulge in claptrap, feeling apparently no sense of misgiving when he writes: "If one is young and a poet, Venice may very well call one away from boisterous America; but if one is a man and a doer, America will call one back from Venice."

A sense of the meaning of the word style was hardly, one feels, a strong point with Howells. His particular expression of humor, for example, is one which many of us find difficult to appreciate. He once paid a visit to the Wessex of Thomas Hardy. "The West of England in early spring," he wrote, "looks as if wringing it out and hanging it out to dry in a steam-laundry could alone get the wet out of it." That kind of writing, though doubtless entertaining enough to Mr. Firkins, leaves the present writer, who himself is a Dorset man, extremely unamused. He knows very well—none better—how drenched the West Country can look in the months of April and May, drenched by the small warm rains that blow in from the Atlantic ocean until she lies in all her beauty, enfolded in foliage-smelling moisture which falls indifferenty upon the tiny crinkled elm leaves, upon the primrose leaves in the ditches, upon the forsythia and pear blossom in the village gardens. And when the mind of a man, himself "a doer in America," turns back in memory to the coming of the spring in the West Country it does not wish to be reminded of steam-laundries. Indeed we cannot believe that writing prompted by an association of ideas such as this displays could ever be very elegant or very edifying, and speaking for myself I can only hope that it will never again fall to my lot to read the expansive writings of William Dean Howells—still less an exhaustive treatise on them by so conscientious a critic as Mr. Firkins.

LLEWELYN POWYS

A Dim Diabolist

In His Own Image. By Frederick Baron Corvo. With an Introduction by Shane Leslie. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

THE least interesting thing generally about the minor writers of the Eighteen Nineties is their works. They wrote like men of small though occasionally respectable talents, but they acted like transcendent geniuses, for they adopted all the eccentricities which the possession of genius can excuse, claimed all the privileges of the superman, and shrank to moderate size only when they seated themselves at their desks to write. What interested them most was the idea of Art and Artist; what interested them least was any specific work which they might conceivably create; and no sooner had they produced two modest tales or achieved one epigram than they began to spend the major part of their lives in living up to the character thus summarily obtained. "The poet is Wilde but the poetry's tame," said *Punch* in reviewing one of Oscar's early works, and only the fortunate possibility of a pun kept the remark from being more applicable to many others than to him.

Judging from the introduction to the present volume, "Baron Corvo," more original than any of his works, was no exception to the rule. He was born Frederick Rolf, and he began his career as a school teacher; but he quickly degenerated into an eccentric sponge who lived sometimes by his wits but usually upon the means of others, and who reviled his benefactors in the sacred name of Art for not giving him more and for not putting up more gladly with his insolent pretensions. A practicing sadist (so the introduction hints), he had, like so many of his contemporaries, a leaning toward the Catholic church which arose, it would seem, partly from a desire to give himself the mysterious and slightly sinister odor which attaches to a Romanist in England, partly from a spiritual pride which made him wish to claim a share in the rich traditions of that church and to be able to add an air of authority to his denunciations of mankind in general. He entered a seminary for priests, was promptly expelled, dabbled in painting and photography as well as in writing, called himself a baron and then died, neglected and indignant, in Venice. He might, so one gathers, very well have sat for Max Beerbohm's portrait of the "dim diabolist," Enoch Soames; for like Enoch his desire to be an artist was greater than his capacity to become one, like Enoch he sold his soul to the devil, and like Enoch he missed completely the fame for which he thirsted. Though he contributed to the *Yellow Book* and doubtless thought himself on that account certainly immortal, his contemporaries neglected him, and both Holbrook Jackson's "The Eighteen Nineties" and Osbert Burdett's "The Beardsley Period" also know him not. If he, too, demanded the privilege of returning to earth to investigate his posthumous fame as the price of his damnation, then he, too, will discover that it is not by their eccentricities that authors become immortal.

In addition to the present volume, which consists of a number of mildly entertaining anecdotes and legends dealing with

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priests, monks, and saints in the traditionally familiar manner of the Italians, "Baron Corvo's" principal works are a satiric novel called "Hadrian the Seventh" and "The Chronical of the Borgias"—for Corvo, being true to type, had to profess the usual admiration for the arch-villains of the Renaissance. He had, it seems, some classical learning, which he used chiefly for the formation of the outlandishly Greek and, sometimes, merely fantastic words which strew his writings, and he was capable of an occasional ingenious phrase like that in which he says that Caesar Borgia "hanged all those who betrayed him, loving the treachery, hating the traitors"; but the general effect produced by both his matter and his manner is usually extremely mild. "In His Own Image" is intended to be highly original, fantastic, and daring; actually it is rather conventional, slightly tame, and completely innocuous.

The importance of the Eighteen Nineties lies chiefly in the fact that it helped make the transition between Victorian and contemporary writers. Bernard Shaw has remarked that the love of virtue always begins with a hatred of morality, and the *fin de siècle* movement represented this first negative phase. Its writers did not know what they wanted but they knew that they did not want the respectability which was current. Devil's disciples in the Shavian sense, they felt instinctively drawn to the court of the Borgias, to imperial Rome, or to any place where the home life was as different as possible from that of their own dear Queen; and they relished any sort of moral defiance. But not even Wilde, quite the greatest of them all, was ever strong enough or bold enough to achieve the transvaluation of values for which he obviously sought. They could all babble of Splendid Sins, but they were all corrupted by this same sense of sin because they could never, for example, translate as Gobineau did an admiration for the splendid effectiveness of the Renaissance into a Nietzschian religion of *virtu*. Thus the morality of "Dorian Grey" and of all Wilde's plays remains at bottom utterly conventional, and it is no more than decorated with a few random attacks upon respectability which the author is utterly unable to make coalesce into a new ethical system like that of Shaw or Wells. Disgusted with morality and yet not quite capable of conceiving virtue, he did little more than prepare a way, and he is the type of his age. Yet such men as "Baron Corvo" are infinitely less than he. Corvo copied the affectations of his age and followed its intellectual fashions, but there seems to be no evidence that he even intuitively understood their direction or their meaning. If Wilde was a forerunner he, it would appear, was scarcely more than a characteristic by-product. In another age he could not have existed, and in his own he was hardly noticed.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Poet Lapses

Tutankhamen and After. By William Ellery Leonard. B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

MR. LEONARD'S conception of poetry, as recorded on the jacket of this book, is that the spirit of it is for both creator and reader "an experience in honest and noble living." Throughout his poems one feels the presence and weight of honest feeling and poetic magnitude of intention. There is hardly a page which does not seem to flow from a candid and live intelligence. If, as Croce insists, intuition and expression are identical, the book should be great. But for one reader at least its intuition outruns its utterance.

Two or three poems in their general scheme have something like magnificence. The three pages of William Shakespeare end with a highly suggestive fancy—that if the whole world should be destroyed a god or a mind might frame a universe of infinite and beautiful variety out of the materials, characters, images, and moods of the plays. But that poetic conception is reduced in the utterance to something not much more than a series of poetizing formulæ. In the title-poem the reach of ages becomes articulate only for a single moment:

> We coal our engines under many a star
> Whose blaze had started down the firmament
> Before the boy Tutankhamen was bred.

Elsewhere are lines of achieved magnificence. An impressive array of trustworthy critics report the "glow of a gigantic reality" in Mr. Leonard's privately printed "Two Lives." One sonnet here, the introduction to Mr. Leonard's own momentous rendering of Lucretius. is a thing of grandeur. But it must be confessed that most of the poems reveal a singular deadness and flatness of utterance for themes so alive and poetic.

Mr. Leonard, who on occasion can control an organ-music, has preserved some pieces which for at least one carefully listening ear have no music at all. Occasionally there is an unmistakably inventive phrase. But a very great number of lines are simply prose stereotypes with no revelation or magic in them:

> Custom is king upon this sorry isle.
> . . . . . .
> It was on Broadway that I saw him last.
> . . . . . .
> Body is ever correlate with mind.
> . . . . . .
> Repeated those vast worlds of consciousness.

There is a frequent lapse into rubber-stamp inversions. Nor does Mr. Leonard refrain from clipping vowels for the sake of the meter. Altogether one is tormented by the feeling that here is a poet whose nobility, obvious in flashes, remains for the most part unrevealed; that here are the unbeautiful stammerings of a somehow clearly passionate and beautiful spirit.

IRWIN EDMAN

Ultra-Modernism on Trial

The New Music. By George Dyson. Oxford University Press. $2.85.

A Survey of Contemporary Music. By Cecil Gray. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

MUSIC criticism in English receives two valuable additions in these books. Not only are they more far-reaching and thorough-going in their criticism of contemporary tendencies in music than anything that has appeared for some time but they supplement each other admirably. Mr. Dyson is the more scholarly, cautious, judicious, but at the same time he is the more conventional, and sometimes he is timid about carrying his conclusions to their natural limits. Mr. Gray is something of a smart Aleck in his poorer moments; he must make his point, if he has to stretch truth, courtesy, and his argument to do it; but, on the other hand, he has fresh, untrammeled opinions, and uncommon trenchancy in setting them before us. His attack on certain decadent features of modernism is much more ferocious than Mr. Dyson's, much less prudently qualified; but for that very reason it is more invigorating. He cannot always make us agree with him, but on every page he forces us to think for ourselves.

Mr. Dyson devotes a good proportion of his book to a systematic analysis of the harmonic texture of modern music, and his treatment is at once more logical and more thorough than anything else on the subject that comes to mind. Where he disappoints us is in not giving a more specific statement, at the end of his discussion, of the comparative unimportance of such merely superficial complications. He does say, to be sure, that "there have been not a few great artists who invented little but consolidated much"; but we have to read between the lines to realize how vastly more important the author considers polyphonic interest than the mere momentary effect of what he happily calls "splashes of sound." Yet he does point out that certain Stravinskyan successions of major sevenths "are already becoming in certain circumstances a kind of *cliché* fairly comparable to the consecutive fifths and fourths

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of organum," and asks: "As thus practiced, is not the whole method clearly Hucbaldian in its present stage of development?" Mr. Gray puts very nearly the same idea more forcibly:

> The characteristic obsession or many modern composers with harmonic considerations, to the impoverishment of melodic and rhythmic interest, has caused the degeneration of harmony itself. Debussy's partiality for organum and *faux bourdon* brings us back to Hucbald. Genuine harmonic thought only dates from the moment at which similar motion is abandoned. Genuine harmonic writing necessarily implies contrary motion among the parts. . . . Polyphony is musically synonymous with good health.

Both authors have valuable remarks to make on the primitiveness of the rhythmic sense of the ultra-moderns. Mr. Dyson reminds us that Beethoven's violence was viewed, even by some of his contemporaries, with misgiving:

> To them it seemed that the more aesthetic significance of music might be engulfed in waves of physical or nervous excitement. . . . In our day the ballet has exerted direct influence in the same direction and it almost seems as if the subjection of music to external ideas, of which perhaps dancing is the ringleader, has become the incurable malady of the art. . . . The intuition of the cultivated music-lover has always told him that rhythmic violence must in the end defeat itself. The twentieth century can make more actual noise than the nineteenth, and it can therefore offer what for a moment seems to be a more imposing climax. But it is only the big drum's superiority over the little one, and the more noise it makes the more tiresome it is.

Both of these books are in accord with the best contemporary opinion in an inclination toward skepticism as to the power of an art so preoccupied with sense stimulation and so empty of mental and spiritual appeal as ultra-modern music is permanently to satisfy our aesthetic interests. Both are necessarily largely destructive in method and negative in outcome. Yet neither is without positive doctrine, and Mr. Gray at least is fully conscious of the constructive service which such books can perform in an age so confused, dissatisfied, and at odds with itself as ours.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

Leon Trotzky

Literature and Revolution. By Leon Trotzky. International Publishers. $2.50.

Lenin. By Leon Trotzky. Minton, Balch and Company. $2.50.

My Flight from Siberia. By Leon Trotzky. American Library Service. $1.

Leon Trotsky. By Max Eastman. Greenberg, Publisher, Inc. $2.

IN "The Diary of T. A. Zabytiy," by Arocev, published in the second number of the Russian quarterly *Red Earth*, there was a description of Trotzky which none of the hundreds of reporters has bettered unless it be Trotzky himself. "As we came into the hall Comrade Trotzky appeared on the platform. Suddenly he was there, like Mephisto, from out of the ground. The glasses of his pince-nez shone, and behind them one felt vivid pupils. Most remarkable was his broad and obstinate forehead, and the tip of his beard was sharp as the blade of a sword. Coming closer we could see his eyes, round, green. When one speaks to him he looks straight into the face and thrusts forward his right shoulder as if to resist attack. One notices that his nose is a little crooked. Which is all to the good; a regular nose would deaden the expression. . . . One Red Army man who stood below the platform swung his hands in frantic ectasy, flung his arms as if shooing birds. And the applause sounded like thousands of wings. The red soldier was covered with sweat. Everybody felt hot. All were tired from ovations. Pirsky applauded with such a stupidly believing face, like the faces of the peasants at time of drought when they beg of the sky: 'Almighty, send us rain.' A rain of brass-sounding words came pouring down from the platform. . . ."

Lenin was like a canyoned river; Trotzky was like a dazzling, spuming waterfall—powerful, exciting, a bit more theatrical than is necessary.

The three books by Trotzky now made available in English reveal his many sides. "Literature and Revolution" is devoted to criticism of Russian writers of whom few are known to the English public, but let that put no one off. It communicates, more than any volume I know, the dynamic quality of post-revolutionary Russian life. Trotzky would refuse to use the word post-revolutionary. He knows that the revolution is still in progress. The world does not yet turn harmoniously on the new axis. Rose Strunsky's translation preserves the extraordinary oratorical and yet colloquial style of a book undoubtedly dictated while its author was still commissar of war, and debating with Tchicherin in *Pravda* and *Izvestia* as to whether there is such a thing as "proletarian art." Trotzky says there is not. This book is an important book for artists (and for others) by an artist.

"Lenin" brings together various articles written by Trotzky before and after Lenin's death, and contains the record of his early meetings with Lenin—a record prepared by Trotzky for the bureau in Moscow which has undertaken to preserve documents bearing on the revolutionary movement. The chapter called The Philistine and the Revolutionary, describing H. G. Wells's visit to Lenin in 1920, reveals Trotzky as one of the most devastating lampooners in the world. The chapters on Lenin the Man are revolutionary history and tender eulogy, the two combined. "My Flight from Siberia" is an adventure-story far more to my taste than the romances of Ossendowski. Reindeers, snow, hunger, mining camps, Yakut tribesmen, police, escape, politics—everything is here, from Beresov to Petersburg. Trotzky is an admirable reporter.

Max Eastman's biography is an anti-climax, for it is sentimental. I can well believe that when Mr. Eastman showed the manuscript to Trotzky the Russian "tried to read a page of this book and shoved it away in disgust. 'It makes me uncomfortable,' he said." The account of Trotzky's boyhood, his brilliant school days, and the revolutionary conspiracies he organized at the age of ten to demand better teaching from his teachers—incidents that brought his German master to denounce him as a "moral monster"—illuminate and amuse. Trotzky's slow conversion to Marxism, his long service as a revolutionary worker, his love, his imprisonments, are described; and the biography is enriched by quotations from Trotzky on Lenin.

ERNESTINE EVANS

A Model Military Biography

Robert E. Lee, the Soldier. By Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

THE publishers of General Maurice's "Lee" have told less than the truth when they call it "a book that should take a permanent place as the best one-volume study of Lee, the soldier." It is a remarkable volume, not only for its conciseness but also for its admirable style, its clearness, its extraordinary tearing away of technical details in order to present the narrative of military events in such a way that the lay reader can follow with ease. It ought to be the standard for years to come, not because of any infallibility of judgment but because of its absence of bias (though it is written with profound admiration), its evident effort to be dispassionate, and its determination to tell the whole truth and to criticize where censure is called for. What lends still greater interest to it is the fact that General Maurice has applied to Lee's career the new measuring stick afforded by the military experiences of the World War.

Especially successful is General Maurice's delineation of Lee the man. We do not believe that that will ever be improved upon—Lee, the profoundly religious and kindly yet narrow man whose whole career was not such as to give him a broad outlook on life but who brought to his soldiering nobility of

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mind, dauntless courage, a blameless character, and absolute unselfishness of purpose. That one who had handled troops so little and had had no knowledge of war prior to 1861 save the little struggle with Mexico could have displayed such a mastery of both tactics and strategy when suddenly called on to do so in his fifty-fifth year will always remain a mystery save as it is explained by inborn talent. General Maurice, in his chapter on Lee's place in history, puts him above Wellington but declines to define exactly his position among the world's greatest military leaders—"his exact precedence amongst them I will not attempt to determine, but that they have received him as a soldier worthy of their fellowship, I do not doubt." Better than anyone else this English writer has thus summarized the great tragedy of Lee's career:

> He not only espoused, but was the main prop of a cause history has proved to have been wrong. That is the tragedy of his life, and his conduct after the war makes it clear that he realized that it was a tragedy. Though, as I have shown, he remained convinced after the war that Virginia had constitutionally the right to secede if she desired to do so, the whole tenor of his life from the surrender of Appomattox to his death is evidence that he believed in his heart of hearts that his State was wrong in exercising that privilege, that the Union was too precious a possession to be sacrificed to the wishes and aspirations of single States. . . . If he did not doubt that it was his duty to defend his State when she was attacked, after she was beaten he set himself resolutely to make the Union a reality. A few months after the war ended he justified this apparent contradiction to his friend General Beauregard: 'I need not tell you that true patriotism sometimes requires of men to act exactly contrary, at one period, to that which it does at another and the motive which impels them—the desire to do right—is precisely the same. The circumstances which govern their activities change and their conduct must conform to the new order of things. History is full of illustrations of this."

He is also correct in saying that "splendid as was his career as a general in the field, nothing in his life became him more than its end. . . . No man took upon himself more earnestly Lincoln's charge, and with real abnegation of self set himself, 'with malice toward none,' 'to bind up the Nation's wounds.'"

It would not do, of course, to go so far as to say that General Maurice's estimate of Lee's military career will be accepted as the last word. Followers of John Codman Ropes will doubtless continue to uphold his different view of the Lee campaigns, though not even he has set forth so clearly the continuity and consistency of General Lee's strategy, notably in 1862. And there will always be the blind idolators of Lee who will accept no criticisms at all. In dealing with the Gettysburg campaign, which General Maurice regrettably compresses into a few pages, it is impossible to avoid the feeling that if he were better acquainted with the field of Pickett's charge he would not be quite so severe in his censure of Lee for launching that enterprise. That it came extraordinarily near succeeding is indisputably proved by the contemporary narrative of Lieutenant Frank A. Haskell, aide to General Gibbon, who was at the very point of danger and later fell at Cold Harbor. This story, one of the most remarkable documents of the Civil War, coming from an officer who, as General Gibbon testified, "did more than any other man to repulse Pickett's assault," shows how faulty were the Union preparations for the attack, even though it was advertised in advance, and how slim was the blue line that held the heights upon which depended the fate of the Union. It is true that General Lee, with his usual nobility, blamed himself for the failure, but he took far greater chances on many other occasions. Had he succeeded, as he nearly did, his military glory would today be beyond any question.

But differing with General Maurice here and elsewhere does not prevent one's recording that this is a model military biography; that in most of its qualities and in its execution it is in a class by itself.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Books in Brief

Modern Greek Stories. Translated by Demetra Vaka and Aristides Phoutrides. With a foreword by Demetra Vaka. Duffield and Company. $1.90.

The nature of modern Greece and the state of her present civilization are expressed far better in her prose works than in her poetry. On the latter the ancient traditions weigh too heavily, though the verse in which *Romeos*, a satirical weekly, ridiculed the failings and falsities of contemporary Greek life encourages the hope that the day of another Aristophanes is not infinitely distant. We must turn to modern short stories and novels for a true and complete picture of living Greece. The stories in this collection are particularly pertinent. They portray the ignorance and superstition, the crude manners and primitive emotions, the fears, suspicions, and wretchedness of a cowed and illiterate people. Without seeking to do so, they reveal the results of a long subjection to Turkish rule: a tragic dejection of the individual and an utter indifference on the part of the common people to the physical and spiritual state which was the glory and is the heritage of Greece. These unconscious descriptions are all the more poignant because they are not set down as realistic studies. For most of the tales are written in the romantic manner of the early nineteenth century, and the dominant influence is French. To be sure, two stories show the traces of Russian naturalism; but they are most obviously imitations and are no nearer to Greek soil than is the work of Sherwood Anderson. It is perhaps unfair to contemporary Greek writing to draw any conclusions from the present material, written some of it as long as a generation ago, and representing only the trial efforts of inexpert hands. But one is encouraged to look forward to the next volume that arrives from modern Greece.

Sonnets. By M. C. S. Pasadena, California: Upton Sinclair. 25 cents.

The twenty-five sonnets by Mary Craig Sinclair (Mrs. Upton Sinclair) which are incorporated in this little volume display a curious contradiction—a woman who is essentially a poet, who is capable of writing exalted and impassioned verse, and yet who detests and despises the poetic impulse, and uncritically includes in her work well-worn clichés and grotesque prosaicisms side by side with lovely and unforgettable lines. Although most of the sonnets are published in the service of economic propaganda and protest, several of them are gilded with a fine irony, and one at least—Love, which opens the booklet—may take a permanent place in American anthologies. The writer of Love and of portions at least of some of the other sonnets dare not rebel against her poetic heritage; some day she must yield to its urgings and give herself simply and humbly to the god within her.

The Roar of the Crowd. By James J. Corbett. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

This book of course has no style. If "Gentleman Jim" actually wrote it, he apparently wore boxing-gloves while he swung his pen or pounded his typewriter; but presumably, as the foreword hints, it was dictated. In any case, its "touching and true sentiment," as well as its naive egotism, make it sufficiently entertaining. But it lacks the blood and blasphemy, the grunts and growls, the wine and women, that a truthful record would have given. The "roar" is less like that of a lion than of the sucking dove. The foreword, however, partially explains these omissions: "Jim *has* a weakness. He is prouder of being called a gentleman than of all of his ring-exploits. This is his one vanity. . . . Not that he hasn't his faults. Lord save us, he has, God bless him." But, after all,

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what else could be expected of a champion who, after he had lost the championship, drowned his woes in ice cream sodas?

Twice Thirty. By Edward W. Bok. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50.

Many men have written one autobiography; few have taken themselves seriously enough to write two. Mr. Bok, characteristically enough, is one of the few. The impersonal narrative tone that dominated "The Americanization of Edward Bok" vanishes in "Twice Thirty," and "preachy" episodes bristling with "I's" take its place. Mr. Bok has some of the virtues and all of the defects that distinguish the "healthy" mind. He is catholic enough to admire such incongruous personalities as Roosevelt, Wilson, and himself; he is certain that Kipling was—the tense is correct—the greatest writer of his day. His myriad observations are occasionally shrewd and pithy ("If I live . . . ten years . . . I will read what I am writing in these pages with a quiet chuckle"), but commonly they are ingratiatingly banal: "I want to say it carefully when I state that theological doctrines are not of supreme importance."

From China to Hkamti Long. By Captain F. Kingdon Ward. London: Edward Arnold and Company. $6.

This book will appeal most strongly to those professors of botany who have traveled widely among the mountains of Yunnan, Szechuan, and Tibet. The general reader must be content with occasional gems of description, humor, and reflection. The author is a distinguished botanist who traveled for months in this little-known part of the world in search of rare and new plant species. If it were not for his human dependence upon food, lodging, and porters, one suspects he might never have known that he was not in a marvelous botanical garden. These wants, fortunately, distract him into making some valuable reflections on missionaries and native life.

The Architectural Exhibit

By TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

THE recent joint exhibit of the Architectural League and the American Institute of Architects furnished New York its first opportunity to see brought together in one place illustrations of the architecture of the entire country and of the work of some of the important European states. For the first time comparative criticism was not only easy but inevitable; in the great array of buildings shown it was possible for the first time to trace out the general tendencies of American design and its relation to design elsewhere.

The outstanding fact is the astounding uniformity of American architecture. It is a uniformity of very high level; charm, good taste, and technically adequate design are almost everywhere present. But a cursory glance through the so-called regional exhibit, where were hung the exhibits of the Institute chapters all over the country, with few exceptions gave little indication of locality—little conception of the vast extent and the varied climates of the enormous north-south and east-west sweep of this country. Save only in California and Florida, where local fashions of the near-Spanish still show spasmodic vitality, it is a uniform architecture that America produces—a uniform, inevitable result of the nation-wide advertising and distribution of building materials and accessories, and of the universal circulation of popular art and architecture magazines that each month show to the housewife in Bangor and Palm Beach, in Pittsburgh and Spokane, the same prettinesses of arranged rooms, de-humanized gardens, and carefully antiqued exteriors. The popularization of architecture has been a process of the unification of taste; a unification that all too often defies the natural requirements of climate, of site, and of local materials.

This uniformity is not always a vice, for if the ideal is high enough, and the creation adequate, the very widespread distribution becomes a symbol of greatness. So it is, among other things, with schools. The schoolhouses were among the most impressive of all the exhibits; one gained from them, despite frequent crudities, despite occasional mechanical and factory-like examples, an impression of vitality, freedom, and desire for beauty. They were the freest in style of all the buildings shown.

Unification, on the other hand, is most disastrous in its setting of style fashions that are frequently unthought and stupidly eclectic. One sees little call for a Georgian house under the palms of Southern California, or for the pseudo-temples beloved of the fraternal orders. Again and again this uniformity of fashionable style is allowed to contradict form and function; it produces bad architecture not because it is fashionable or because it is historic style but because it is illogical, forced, untrue.

To all this uniformity of style there stood out in striking contrast a little work by the late Bertram Goodhue, the Shelton by Arthur Loomis Harmon, the Radiator Building by Raymond Hood, and the great Metropolitan Theater of Los Angeles by William Lee Wollett. In this last strange building extravagance of imagination has run riot; the whole catalogue of American selectism is set there in a curious, vital mélange, almost burlesqued but all vivid, emotional, alive. It is "Processional" in architecture instead of on the stage.

From the foreign exhibits one brought away an impression that "style" abroad was no such problem as it seems here; new forms seem to have flowed into the work naturally, without stress or revolution. Particularly in Sweden a creative spirit seems alive, absorbing, re-creating tradition, building tradition. There is, withal, a fine sensitiveness to the earlier work—the brick Gothic, the peasant work, even the classicism of the eighteenth century; yet never slavery to archeology; never servile imitation. The new work is new; it is at home with the old; it has true beauty, and that clear connection with its site and its surroundings which all good architecture should have.

From Finland, too, there came an exhibit quite startling in its beauty, its freshness, its consistency. One had heard tales of Helsingfors as a beautiful city. This exhibit shows the reason; it shows that Saarinen's second prize design for the *Tribune* tower in Chicago was no accident, but the culmination of much fine work in Finland—especially the Helsingfors railway station—and that the Finns are very evidently a nation which thinks in form.

France sent some interesting factories, some exceedingly lovely modern churches, and a great deal of work of no tremendous or vital character; Spain seems largely wallowing in an abyss of taste that is the bastard child of Baroque and Art Nouveau; Italy, characteristically, contented itself with showing that monument of architectural imperialism, the Victor Emmanuel Memorial in Rome. From England came, as its most important contribution, plan after plan of those lovely suburbs, those carefully planned industrial and residential villages, which skilfully combine charm and efficiency and common sense, and some beautiful photographs of the vital Liverpool cathedral; while Canada exhibited photographs which shower her, in architecture, more American than British.

The German exhibit was as chaotic as German conditions, but magnificently alive, even to the humorous hat-shaped hat factory by Eric Mendelson. The great contribution of Germany to modern achitecture is in factory design; the Nauen wireless station of Herman Muthesius is lovely in its simple rectangular brick work, and one of the chemical works of Paul Behrens composes its tanks and its walls picturesquely. There is no analogue to such work in America.

It is, perhaps, a criticism of modern American architecture—it is at least a characteristic commentary on the tendencies which give it form—that this great exhibit was financed largely by renting space to hundreds of manufacturers and builders in the building industry.

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Drama

Ulysses

"ODD MAN OUT" (Booth Theater) is assuredly not a comedy for those who demand action. It is exclusively a battle of wits; during the course of three acts nothing happens except the sudden appearance in a doorway of the returning husband whom everyone had believed dead in Morocco. Yet to call the comedy mere fluff would be to confuse matter and manner, for though no solemn line is spoken there is a perfectly clear-cut delineation of character and there is the consistent presentation of a point of view.

In the literature of every age a Ulysses bobs up—he is the hero of "Enoch Arden" and of the present comedy as well as of the Odyssey—and his persistence is less because he represents one of the few fundamental "situations" than because he furnishes a significant criterion of the ethical system of his age. Ask a man what he ought to do when he finds his wife besieged with suitors and you will learn from that question alone in what mental and emotional era he lives. The answer of the heroic age is clear: "Someone must die"; be the wife true or false, the suitors good or evil, the honor of the husband has been touched and blood must flow before it is cleansed of the taint. So it is in Homer and so it must be in every heroic poem. But when sentiment takes the place of honor as the dominant theme of literature then Ulysses, become Enoch Arden, must be all self-sacrifice and slink away. So much is clear, but what of the man who is neither heroic nor sentimental, what of him who finds the ethics of neither Homer nor Tennyson quite his own? Disillusioned and kindly, approaching problems with his head rather than his heart, equally disinclined to dramatic self-assertion or to dramatic self-sacrifice for their own sakes, and, in a word, what is called in the current sense "civilized," he finds no answer ready made; but he is at least detached enough to know that whatever the answer the situation is not tragic but comic. No one need sneak away to die, and no one need perish in his blood; it is a question to be discussed with words, not swords, and to be settled by inclinations, not principles. No gentleman will take the liberty of trying to improve a friend's character, and human frailties must be freely accepted; but any civilized man who loves his wife will try to hold her and be, at the same time, constrained by his own admiration to an understanding toleration of those who try to take her away. Amicably they will match their wits, and if they are old enough to have reached maturity they may even find a pleasure in the game.

Such at least is the implication upon which "Odd Man Out" may be said to rest. A good-humored husband, married to a charming but emotionally unstable wife, is accustomed to leave her to her little affairs while he explores Africa. After being reported killed, he returns unexpectedly to find her ardently wooed by an idealistic youth and an accomplished roué and on the point of flying with the youth in pursuit of a madly romantic "new life" on his plantation off the coast of China. By skilful manipulation he transfers her affections to the roué, because he knows that a trip on the Mediterranean on the latter's yacht is a less serious matter than a marriage; and then, aided by accident, he is able, at the last moment, to snatch her from the roué's arms into his own.

The little comedy, unusually well acted by Alma Tell, A. E. Anson, Lee Baker, and James Crane, is not only amusing but furnishes at the same time a good illustration of what one gains and what one loses, both in art and in life, by passing from the heroic to the civilized age. Dramatically, one must give up the thrill of great decisive actions for the milder pleasures of wit, and in life one must make a parallel exchange. It means farewell to all the great illusions and farewell to the great passions which go with them. It means, for example, that even in love one must keep one's head; and that means in turn that one must not, in the older sense, be in love at all. Life shrinks in importance, perhaps, and loses some of its intensity when one realizes that it is essentially a comedy and not a tragedy, a game to be played by prudence rather than a grandiose drama in which one may be called upon to die at any moment in defense of the arbitrary demands of Honor and Duty. It is robbed of its most intense pleasures and its most exalted pains, but it gets in exchange a certain graceful ease. It leaves no longer any room for the grand gesture, and it allows no one to be great; but there is no limit to the number of minor accomplishments which it permits. Beauty in the highest form is absent from it, as it is absent from all comedy, but charm is there; and it is skill, not heroism, which we must most admire. Ulysses cut the knot; a modern husband had best untie it if he can, and if he can't—why, then, let him be content to admire the tangle.

Half of "Bachelor's Brides" (Cort Theater) is copied from "Beggar on Horseback" and the other half from the common stock of farcical situations. The attempt at fantasy hardly fits into the general situation, which is concerned with a prospective bridegroom embarrassed by the sudden unexplained appearance of a baby in his house. The whole moves on very heavy feet.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Free Speech in Poland

IN the district of Volhynia considerably more than 90 per cent of the population is non-Polish. In the 1922 elections to Parliament not a single Polish deputy was returned from that district. Since this election the attempt to Polonize the province has been intensified. The methods used are shown in the trial and imprisonment of the Ukrainian deputies, Maxim Chuchmay, Serge Kozicky, and Paul Wasynchuk. The trial took place last March. The accused were allowed counsel, but before the end of the trial counsel for the accused withdrew alleging that it was impossible to give their clients proper protection because of the unfair attitude of the court. The indictment was issued on February 19, 1925, by Assistant Prosecutor W. Gorzechowski. The material printed below was sent us by the International Committee for Political Prisoners.

Bill of Indictment

On August 26, 1923, a mass meeting was held in the public square of the village of Poczajow, County of Kremenec, attended by about three hundred persons, and organized by Deputies Kozubsky, Wasynchuk, Kozicky, Chuchmay, and Woytiuk. After opening the meeting, the chairman, Deputy Kozubsky, gave his above-mentioned colleagues the floor.

On January 8, 1924, the Starestwo of Kremenec advised the public prosecutor at Rowne of the anti-government character of the speeches of Deputies Wasynchuk, Kozicky, and Chuchmay. In view of this, the public prosecutor on April 6, 1924, applied to the Lord Marshal of Parliament for permission to prosecute said deputies. . . . It appeared (in the course of the preliminary judicial inquiry) that the said deputies had called upon the people to commit treason, to disobey the Polish authorities, and to overthrow the social order of the nation.

Witnesses testified that while addressing the crowd Deputy Wasynchuk made the following statements:

> The Polish constitution exists only on paper and there is no safeguard for the Ukrainian people but to fight. . . . The Ukrainian people are being oppressed by the Polish government, they are not allowed to use their native language either in school or public office. The authorities do not permit the establishment of Ukrainian schools, and in the schools that already exist the Poles have appointed principals who act as spies of the Polish government. . . . The government and the priests want to force the Ukrainian people into the Catholic religion. The Orthodox church is oppressed and persecuted. In Chelm district, alone, in the very heart of the Ukraine, two hundred and fifty Ukrainian churches were closed and turned into Polish Catholic churches. . . . The Polish prisons are filled with Ukrainians. . . . The Polish government manages its affairs on credits. . . . Nobody wants to pay taxes. . . . But we in Volhynia have to pay taxes.

While speaking against the colonization of the border lands (by Poles) Wasynchuk declared:

> We ought to be masters here. . . . The Poles are only invaders, strangers, a foreign element. Upon the healthy body of the Ukraine the colonists are only lice, of which our people should rid themselves. . . . The time will come when we, the Ukrainians, will expel the Poles from Volhynia, their officials and colonists, just as the Bolsheviks expelled their bourgeoisie.

Witnesses testified that Deputy Kozicky had said:

> The land of Volhynia has been seized by the Poles. It does not belong to Poland but to the Ukrainians, who are masters here. . . . The proper territory for Polish colonization is on the other side of Lublin along the Vistula. . . . The Ukrainian land perishes under the yoke of the Polish invaders, while the constitution existing only on paper gives no help. . . . There is no other way for the Ukrainian people but to fight the Polish government.

Witnesses testified that Chuchmay had stated:

> Polish officials are thieves and so are the police that is plundering the Ukrainian population. The land shall be taken away from the Polish bourgeoisie and the landlords, and shall be given to the people. The colonists are a wicked ulcer on the Ukrainian body. . . . The time will come when we shall murder all Poles, shall burn all their estates, and the rest of them will run away. . . .

One of the witnesses, Furowicz, said that he had protested against this at the time and Chuchmay had replied, "Hold your tongue, you fool." Again it was stated that Jarozewaka, also one of the witnesses, had interrupted, saying, "Go to the land of the Bolsheviks." Chuchmay had answered, "We may go to the land of the Bolsheviks, but in that case we shall take this country with us. . . . ."

The Defense of the Accused

WASYNCHUK: That he did not make the anti-government speech of which he has been accused. That he had merely reported on the activities of the Ukrainian deputies in Parliament, activities aimed at securing equal rights for all citizens, development of Ukrainian schools, racial, cultural, and educational institutions, freedom of speech, press, and assembly, freedom of religion, agrarian reform. . . . It was his purpose to convince his constituents that the Ukrainian deputies had a very difficult task before them, for neither Parliament nor the government had yet realized the needs of the Ukrainian people.

KOZICKY: That in his speech at Poczajow he did not arouse the people against the Polish republic. The incriminating statements of the witnesses are motivated by their hostile attitude toward the Ukrainians, which hostility has increased since the Poles lost the elections of 1922; also the witnesses do not understand the Ukrainian language and therefore misinterpreted statements made by him. . . . As a matter of fact he had stated that the government and the Polish political parties were not aware of the conditions prevailing in Volhynia. . . . For this reason the Ukrainian people were forced to oppose the government, which they did in a constitutional and parliamentary way. The Ukrainian people hoped that the constitution would give them an opportunity, through their regularly elected representatives, to strive for cultural and economic progress and religious welfare. But contrary to their hopes, schools and churches in the Chelm district are being closed constantly and economic progress is out of the question. . . . When speaking of the Ukrainians' right to Volhynia, he had had in mind the Ukrainian majority, and did not question their present allegiance to the Polish republic. In his opinion Polish colonization of Volhynia was very harmful and the Polish districts of Radom and Kielce would be more suitable for Poles.

CHUCHMAY: That at the Poczajow meeting each of the deputies had been assigned a particular subject and that he had spoken on land reform without touching on other topics. . . . At the very beginning of the meeting it had been apparent that a few persons—local officials and colonists—wished to speak and wanted to break up the meeting. . . . In his speech he had pointed out that land reform as carried out in Poland was ineffective and actually harmful to the interests of the Ukrainian people. That the lands of Volhynia, fertilized by Ukrainian toil and blood, should not be given to Polish military colonists, for whom there was plenty of land in the interior of Poland. Instead the large estates belonging to the Volhynian landlords should be distributed among the local population. He had not expressed any hostility toward the Polish republic but had said that the Ukrainian deputies were bound to oppose the policy of the present government. He had not called the government officials or police thieves and had said nothing about going to the land of the Bolsheviks or of taking the province with him.

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Trotzky on Eastman's Book

A REPLY by Trotzky to an inquiry by the London *Sunday Worker* is reprinted from the Moscow *Izvestia* of May 9.

THE INQUIRY

Eastman's book is very widely quoted by the bourgeois press. You are pictured as the victim of an intrigue. It is suggested that you are in favor of democracy and freedom of trade. Please send a reply for the *Sunday Worker*.

THE REPLY

Eastman's book is unknown to me. I have seen none of the bourgeois papers quoting the book. Of course I repudiate beforehand and categorically any comment directed against the Russian Communist Party. The statements in the press about my favorable attitude toward bourgeois democracy and freedom of trade are the coarsest inventions. Together with the whole Communist Party I consider that the Soviet system of proletarian dictatorship and foreign trade monopoly is the unchangeable condition for building up the socialist state. The present party policy of attracting the mass of non-partisan workers and peasants toward the work of managing the state can under no circumstances be construed as an approach to the bourgeois parliamentarian system since it is carried out within the lines of the Soviet regime and under the leadership of the Communist Party.

The policy of taking into account the interests of the peasant as a small producer cannot be interpreted as a recognition of the superiority of freedom of trade as compared with socialism, for it is only a matter of the gradual and painless transition of the peasantry to socialism through means adapted to the economic conditions and psychology of the peasants.

In a book which I am now preparing I am studying the question of democracy, dictatorship, and freedom of trade as adapted to conditions in England, and my conclusions are that the further development of England is incompatible with the economic and political conditions of the bourgeoisie-parliamentarian democracy. The course of historic development does not repudiate but rather confirms the fundamental principles of the proletarian revolution as theoretically formulated by Lenin and carried out in practice by our party.

L. TROTZKY

Contributors to This Issue

STANLEY HIGH is connected with the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions.

ERNEST GRUENING was formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, and editor of *La Prensa* in New York.

BERTRAND RUSSELL is an English physicist and social philosopher, author of "The ABC of Atoms," "Proposed Roads to Freedom," etc.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD is the author of two volumes of verse: "For Eager Lovers," and "From a Hawaiian Hilltop."

BULKLEY SOUTHWORTH GRIFFIN is a Washington correspondent.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD has been president of the American Historical Association and has long been connected with the Massachusetts Historical Society.

LLEWELYN POWYS is the author of "Black Laughter."

IRWIN EDMAN is a member of the philosophy department at Columbia University.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON is a composer and writer on musical subjects.

ERNESTINE EVANS is a widely traveled writer particularly interested in Russia.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN is a New York architect.

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Who owns the telephone?

For seven carefree years young John Graves worked in the car shops at Orenville, spending his dollars as fast as he earned them. Soon after his promotion to foreman, he was married and moved to a little white house on Orchard Avenue. Life was happier than ever, but spare dollars were not more plentiful, especially after a third member was added to the family.

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YOUR SUMMER PROBLEMS

See page ii for other classified advertising.

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